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POCAHONTAS.

A LEGEND.

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THE MOON'S PAGE.



# POCAHONTAS.

**A Legend.**

WITH HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONARY NOTES.

BY MRS. M. M. WEBSTER.

*Mrs. May Webster Moore  
of Andover, Mass.*

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## P R E F A C E.

Few subjects belong more peculiarly to the province of Poetry than the events connected with the Aborigines of our country. They were altogether a poetic race. Their deeds of heroic daring, their uncomplaining endurance of physical suffering, affecting instances of patriotic devotion, scenes of domestic loveliness, and personal, unbroken friendships,—these, besides the varied and romantic scenery of their boundless domains, are fitting themes for the investments of the poet's fancy, no less than for the records of the faithful historian.

Among the individuals of this once innumerable and singular people, no one claims a deeper interest than the heroine of the following Legend. Most affecting are the incidents in her life which stand in bold relief on the graphic page. But other

incidents of a no less deep and glowing interest are to be found among the torn annals of tradition. Of these enough have come down to us to excite our admiration and love for the frail blossom, which, like much of superior excellence, perished ere it reached its noontide developement.

These traditionary incidents, touching but lightly on the recorded events, it has been the author's endeavour to weave into wild and simple measures, divested of much of the extraneous ornament which fashion sometimes imposes. Our heroine is presented to the reader in every stage of her being, from infancy's dawn to maturer years, through scenes as varied and as thrilling as the wildest fancy might sketch. A prodigy of goodness, she is found dispensing blessings around her, even at the hazard of parental displeasure; and, at a tender age, offering the tribute of sympathy where effort would be unavailing.

To the author, who loves the lay of simple nature, it is pleasant to snatch a fast-fading relic of other days from the mysteries which envelope that interesting race of beings, the free sons of the

forest, who ranged at will its boundless shades, undisturbed by the restraints of civilization and unsubdued by the yoke of the oppressor. Though the writer's relationship—the seventh remove in lineal descent—to this

Noblesse of nature and sweet Mercy's child,

may to her invest the heroine with richer attractiveness than others may recognise; yet she indulges the hope that to her fair countrywomen, especially, this her essay "to raise a shrine to Pocahontas' shade," may not be ungratifying. And should this poetic mingling of unvarnished truth with time-worn legends, interspersed as they are with a few speculative opinions and occasional snatches of the purely ideal, find favour with the public; other and similar treasures remain in the wide field whence these have been taken, not unworthy the writer's care or the reader's perusal.

M. M. W.

Richmond, Va., June 30, 1840.



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**POCAHONTAS.**

ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ

# POCAHONTAS.

## INTRODUCTION.

BRIGHT is the sun on fair Virginia's shore,  
As when his fiery car first rode on high ;  
The savage yells disturb its vales no more,  
Nor dreadful war-whoops reach the distant sky.

Soft too the zephyr blows, unmindful still  
Of chance or change, wrought by Time's iron hand ;  
And gently, as it woos the silent rill,  
The playful moonbeams silver sea and land.

The billowy waves kiss with resistless sway  
The Occidental sands and cliffy shore ;  
Then bounding backward, as in other day,  
Bare their rude battlements the same as yore.

All on the earth proclaim their Maker wise !  
And sing from morn till eve that Good divine

Who out of chaos bade their beings rise ;  
Some to fulfil below inferior destinies,  
While with his plastic hand he gave the higher orbs  
to shine :

Yet all are useful ; one stupendous whole ;—  
Whether the insect's wing or ceaseless soul !  
All rest on Him, and in His Spirit live,  
From the equator on to either pole.  
What but Eternal Mind such beings might control,  
Or life or hope or joy or dearer ransom give.

But where is *SHE*, the beauteous and the good,  
The youthful empress of the forests' wild,  
The Huntress bold, the Dryad of the wood,  
Noblesse of nature, and sweet Mercy's child ?

And shall her virtues be so soon forgot ?  
Shall pages glow with mock-heroic fire,  
While not a muse shall sing her highborn lot,  
Or wake to deeds like hers the patriot's lyre ?

Could not some master-touch have tuned the shell,  
A Scott, a Hemans, or a Campbell, aid  
MATOA's gentle sympathies to tell,  
Or raise a shrine to POCAHONTAS' shade ?

Or, may not trans-atlantic bards incline  
To pluck a laurel for so bright a brow ;  
Some sister vot'ry of the tuneful Nine,  
To grace and beauty of past ages bow ?

Should none more gifted weave the hallowed verse,  
Mine be the task, however rude the lay,  
Her simple joys and sorrows to rehearse,  
And dedicate a shrine befitting this our day.

Though oft historic lore those stories tell  
In ancient phrases or in uncouth rhyme ;  
Yet does the chord upon her memory dwell,  
Or give her generous deeds to grace a future time ?

Ah no ! They tell of her, as one whose day,  
Scarce worth a record, passed in ease away ;  
Mingling the sigh full oft with pleasure's reign,  
And kindly feeling—ne'er indulged in vain ;  
Yet, list they not the legendary line  
Preserved by oral truth and memory divine.

## BOOK I.

## I.

THE WIFE.<sup>1</sup>

SHE dwelt amid the wild,  
Nor does tradition say  
How nature's ardent child  
Beguiled the weary day.

Roamed she the forest track  
With him, her monarch lord,<sup>2</sup>  
Or brought the quarry back  
To grace his regal board;

Or sought amid the caves  
Where Ocean held his sway,  
Bright coral of the waves,  
In treasured heaps that lay?<sup>3</sup>

Mid sadness and alone,  
Mayhap, her hours went by;  
No loved one of her own,  
No ear to list her sigh.

For the proud forest king  
With many a Brave would go  
Wild hunting notes to ring,  
Or ambush for the foe.

May wealth or power atone  
For man's unkindness e'er,  
Or gem of diamond stone  
Repay the starting tear?

Ah no! the heart's full tide,  
The bosom's secret thrill,  
Demand some boon beside  
Man's wild, capricious will.

To-day his spirits flow  
With love's divinest light,  
To-morrow, cease to glow,  
As quenched in Polar night:

Though adamantine rest  
Fond woman e'er should find,  
Where threatened ills shall not molest  
Her ever trusting mind.

Not like the Indian wife  
    Who mid the forest strayed,  
Recalling scenes of happier life,  
    That still on mem'ry's leaf delayed.

Youth's misty sunlight oft appears  
To gild the gloom of later years  
    With glory not its own;  
And memory, poised on steady wing,  
Brings back the halcyon days of spring  
    To cheerless age alone.

Content was she to brook  
    The varied turns of fate,  
While fond affection's look  
    Could joyous hopes create.

But when of these bereft,  
    What haven of repose,  
What anchor then was left,  
    What solace for her woes?

Though oft, mid ILA's<sup>4</sup> dreams,  
    Youth's pristine joys delayed,  
While fancy's fairy beams  
    A brighter tissue made.



Nor was young Love exiled  
One moment from his throne ;  
Nor dwelt amid the wild  
A creature more his own.

But when for days, in solitude,  
Her luckless lot was cast,  
Blame ye the tone,—the influence rude,  
That sorrowed o'er the past ?

When the neglected one  
Was cheered by naught around ;  
On memory's leaf alone  
Grief's antidote was found.

Her own loved tribe, in wealth and power,  
Stretched from fair Susquehanna's tide ;<sup>5</sup>  
Claiming a more than princely dower  
Mid northern regions, far and wide.

And she had bent her weary feet  
From royal wigwams of her sire,  
To southern forests' deep retreat,  
Where blazed a friendly Sachem's fire.

Then ILA's days were blest with love  
Pure as in Eden's hallowed grove ;  
Till, vows forgot and passion gone,  
She sought the forest depths alone.

Wingina's monarch, cold and shy,<sup>6</sup>  
Gazed on her with a careless eye ;  
Or, with his Braves of high degree,  
Mingled in savage revelry.

Mayhap for moons his wayward will  
Would scorn the gentle ILA still ;  
And far from tristful tree or bower,  
Neglect his lovely forest flower.

Excuses cold oft met her ear,  
Or hints she might not love to hear ;  
“ Of hunting-grounds far, far away,  
“ Where scathless grazed the herds by day .

“ Nor arrow winged by mortal hand  
“ Had brought dismay among the band.  
“ And yet what fame a Chief might gain !  
“ What victories won, with numbers slain !”

And then alone would ILa mourn,  
And count the hours till his return.  
For when did woman's love expire  
If fondly fanned the holy fire?

With well-taught ear she marked each sound,  
And chided oft the rushing blast;  
Or deemed her eagle eye had found  
The treasure lost. He comes at last!

Then, like an agile fawn, she speeds  
O'er tangled brake, o'er prostrate reeds;  
The forest covert now no more  
Her fav'rite haunt, she seeks the shore  
Where the bold stream divides;<sup>8</sup>  
And, seated near the sedgy tides,  
Watches the bark, mid ripples bright,  
Like well-sprung arrow, as it glides  
'Neath the sun's dazzling light.

But joy was quenched in that dark eye  
With its fringed curtain-lids, that fell  
Tinged with the surmeh's glossy dye;<sup>9</sup>  
A tale of wounded love they tell.

For still the haughty monarch bore him on  
In rude and unchecked merriment the while,<sup>10</sup>  
Nor deigned a glance of sympathy to one  
To whom he whilom gave his brightest smile,—  
The rainbow of his love a few brief moons ago.

Is there a pang compared with this on earth,  
And not inflicted by supernal power,  
To see the cherished buds of mortal birth  
Neglected lie,—the bosom's blighted flower?

Sometimes will tears relief impart  
To the full chambers of the heart;  
As dews refresh the parching fields,  
When the pent cloud no treasure yields.

The rose's chalice filled at night  
Wakes in her eye a glow more bright;  
And lily cups, though drooping seen  
Their snow, reposed on leaves of green,  
Let Phœbus show a smiling face,  
Restored is all their pristine grace.

Sad ILA would in secret mourn  
That love so pure found no return;

And sigh to think that day by day  
Another link was torn away.

But tears of injured feeling o'er,  
The brow once sad was sad no more;  
Pride, dignity and sorrow threw  
Their mingled influence like the dew.

And something in her inmost soul  
Bade her each cherished hope control,  
Or fix her love on some sweet flower  
Fairest in woodland or in bower ;

Till time or fate or chance should prove  
The monarch worthy of her love ;  
And bring the rover back again,  
A willing captive to her chain.

O blame her not, the wilding shoot  
Of Nature's own uncultured fruit.  
No moral code to her was taught,  
Nor holy gospel-precept brought  
To win from earth, and fix above,  
A Being worthy heavenly love.

There are who, mingling with the common kind,  
Feel no communion high their bosom thrill ;  
Who own all influence but that of mind—  
A sacred essence that a world should fill.

Others there are who only mind obey ;  
Their dearest solace, and their highest pride ;  
Trusting no helm on life's tempestuous sea,  
Nor asking other stars their devious way to guide.

Unknown, alas ! unvalued such as these,  
And given to musings seldom understood  
Untutored in the varied arts that please,  
Yet not unmindful of another's good.

Thus ILA lived neglected and unloved  
Through the first era of her wedded youth ;  
Till Time, that talisman of life, should prove  
Her soul replete with wisdom, worth and truth.

Far o'er the wilderness' unbeaten track  
Her aged sire enjoyed a peaceful reign ;  
Nor could the royal consort e'er look back  
With hope's bright visions to her home again.

Something was whispered that another land  
The far ancestral tree had whilom known ;  
And Runic pride was touched, that ILA's hand  
Should plighted be to Sachem not their own.

Full many sought the lovely prize to gain  
By all the arts that ancient lore has told ;  
But ah ! like later lovers, tried in vain,  
And, as may be believed, for want of gold :

But the proud monarch of Virginia's soil,  
Girt with his warrior bands, had come to woo,  
Threat'ning the Sire with tribute, fight and spoil,  
Should he refuse the meed to valour due.

Woman's well guarded heart may gold despise,  
May scorn the timid, and the artful shun ;  
But give, ah ! give fore'er the brave and wise :  
This counsels well, by that respect is won.

Honour and virtue are the boons we claim ;  
Nought gives a zest to life when they are fled ;  
Nought else can fan aright the holy flame ;  
And should they perish, every hope is dead.

But to my tale. The gentle ILA, moved  
By prowess to her tribe so little known,  
The Sachem of the southern forests loved,  
Who left her home to share his rural throne.

Tradition said, that, many a moon bygone,  
So long, that e'en tradition's self runs wild,<sup>11</sup>  
Some stranger chief a Sachem's land had won,  
And gave the dowry to his sunny child.

The North-men's visit to a foreign clime  
The old historic pages still unfold :  
No matter what the era, date or time ;  
Conquest their object, and desire for gold.

Proofs of their skill in semi-barbarous art,  
Their love for roaming, and regard for gain,  
Though by the lapse of ages lost in part,  
Enough of such wild trophies still remain.

In "Danish Vine-land" ancient relics rise,  
By Odin's worshippers once planted there,  
Far from the influence of Polar skies,  
And from their youth's associations far.



Not in all minds alike those feelings breathe  
Which cling to homestead joys, a smiling throng ;  
For though in careless childhood all may wreath  
Their votive off'rings, mingling flowers and song ;

Some, light of heart, may scorn in later years  
Those dear memorials of a calmer time ;  
While others water them with life's last tears,  
And bear their faded charms from clime to clime.

Sufficient for my legend's ancient fame  
Are the wild theories by Sibyls told ;  
And given to prove that ILLA's Runic name  
Claimed birth and being from the Norse-men bold.

And, as I weave these tales in mystic verse,  
To save some shreds from Time's relentless hand ;  
What if the muse from other stores rehearse  
Tradition's wilding strains to please her native land.

How warm the greetings of this sunny shore  
To her the daughter of a northern race,  
Has been revealed. Nor can the pen do more,  
'Mid such disorder, plainer forms to trace.

Often in this, our polished day and clime,  
The same too dubious welcome has obtained ;  
Then blame not the uncouth of elder time  
That one above their sphere no deeper rev'rence  
gained.

But changes come : the beautiful, the gay  
May lose the influence of their sunny hour ;  
While time and circumstance may ope the way  
For the unloved of years to claim the meed of power.

## II.

## THE MOTHER.

AGAIN the Chieftain comes in regal power ;  
The royal wigwams ring with loud acclaim ;  
And ILA, still beloved, he seeks thy bower :  
With savage pride he hails a Father's name.

Loud echoes through the forest mazes ring,  
And rising bonfires pale the waning moon :<sup>12</sup>  
The joyous nymphs responsive ditties sing,  
For the Great Spirit sends the wished-for boon.

And he, the monarch of the woods and streams,  
Feels a new life his bounding pulses thrill ;  
Nor fears that time or change may mar such dreams  
Of raptured hope as now his senses fill.

Throughout his realms the calumet of peace  
To the swift herald's willing hand is given,  
The welcome tale to tell, of joy's increase,  
And the rich blessings of indulgent Heaven.

No more shall ILA rove o'er wood and dell ;  
But sits 'neath symbols rude of majesty,  
Throned by her monarch lord, beloved so well,  
While tears of joy oft sparkle in her eye.

Yet, busy memory, (as it ever will  
In joy or grief,) looked back to pleasures o'er,  
Urging sometimes a sigh ; for ILA still  
Loved the dark woodlands of her natal shore.

And now, a mother, fondly would she prove  
To all she left, this consecrating tie,  
Mingling each holy stamp of earthly love  
That fills the gen'rous soul with ecstasy :

But policy forbade. The tender care  
Of Prince and people o'er the nursling thrown,  
Bade her, in rude and untaught grandeur, there  
To cradle innocence, to fear unknown.

The Royal Sachem of the wood and lea  
Watched the young Eaglet with paternal pride ;  
Deeming a few revolving years should see  
A mimic huntress grace his regal side.

Nor was the wife of youth's neglected vow  
Abandoned to the scorn of vulgar eyes ;  
But gained the reverence due to virtue now,  
Which savage bosoms may be taught to prize.

Nor could the Queen of empire's boundless sway,  
Like the poor tenant of an humble cot,  
Own all of nature's luxuries, but pay  
The tribute due to her exalted lot.

Too far removed to interchange a vow,  
Her distant kindred knew not ILLA's joy ;  
Yet other cares the grateful spirit bow,  
That fill the soul with bliss without alloy.

The gentle nurture of maternal love,  
That, buoyed with hope, can other joys forego ;  
The zeal that's kindled at the fount above  
Gives promise of unfading light below.

But ah ! she knew not of the gem within,  
Nor dreamed of training spirits meet for heaven :  
To keep her charge inviolate from sin  
Was not to the meek Indian mother given.

What her weak efforts could effect, she did,  
As later records of our land may prove ;  
From vulgar vice the tender germ she hid,  
And gave the soul to universal love.

And, when the babe, in early being, taught  
By nature's instinct, true as reason's rule,  
The mother's gentle smile that infant caught,  
And learned of mercy in an humble school.

With what delight her ear received the strain  
Of the gay warblers in her native grove,  
Which, uttered oft in mimic song, again  
Pleased with such thrillings wild, maternal love.

Well too did virtue's handmaids guard her way,  
Pouring rich blessings o'er her ev'ry hour ;  
And still the doting mother, day by day,  
Drew wisdom's lessons from each herb and flower.

For, as she wandered by the silver wave,  
Leading with care her solace and her pride,  
Instructive teachings to the child she gave  
For aye in the Great Spirit to confide.

But Time, which brings the bud to shrub and tree,  
And eke destroys the bounties of his hand,  
Saw the young maiden, tripping wild and free,  
A fairy huntress at her Sire's command.

With him she sought the fleet but timid hare,  
Yet joyed not in the chase her gentle soul ;  
For mercy bade the erring shaft to spare,  
While oft the starting tear defied control.

Forever in its lair the deer would bide  
If I LA's gentle child its fate could stay ;  
And the mute shell-fish, screened beneath the tide,  
Through her benevolence, unharmed would lay.

Her form was beautiful ; a fitting shrine  
For sympathies so soft to dwell within ;  
Seeming to claim an essence half divine,  
Free from the stain of all but inborn sin.

For ne'er had gospel-precept touched her ear  
With pleadings sweet, nor yet with threatened ire ;  
Such sounds as later eras teach and hear  
Of wisdom lighted at the altar's fire.

Hers was the piety which Nature gave,  
Drawn from the matin lark, or vesper song ;  
Her book, the firmament ; her school, the wave  
Rolling in harmony sublime along.

Happy the land where virtue sets its seal,  
And the bright impress points to worlds above !  
Religion's page immortal truths reveal,  
And seeks thy hallowed shrine, Almighty Love.

But mercy, meekness and a guileless heart,  
These sister graces, claimed MATOIA's care ;  
And many a sunshine gleam did they impart  
Of balmiest incense ; for she knew not prayer,

That seal of Faith ;—that triumph over Earth,  
That last, best gift of God, to dying man ;—  
More filled with joy than high Archangel's birth ;—  
Eternal in its scope,—unerring in its plan !

Thus lived the Indian maid, beloved, caressed,—  
A father's hope,—a mother's soul of joy ;  
To her each gave a blessing, and was blest  
With earth's delights, scarce mingled with alloy.



To royal honours, stretching far and wide  
From sea-girt shores, to where the mountains blue  
Stand sentinel and other tribes divide,  
The youthful Princess gained all homage due.

These bright examples and instructions mild  
Might tame the passions of the savage crew ;  
O'er their fierce natures, uncontrolled and wild,  
Throw a restraining influence, sweet and new,

Had Heaven but spared the source from whence should  
spring  
The rudiments of sure and lasting peace,  
Till future ages should perfection bring  
And crown the western world with harmony's  
increase.

But sorrow comes to all ; the keenest smart  
'Twas thine, sweet maid, in life's young dawn to prove.  
The watchful mother,—idol of her heart,—  
Her childhood's guide,—her bosom's trusted love

Was snatched from earth to Death's relentless arms  
E'er yet full womanhood MATOA knew !<sup>13</sup>  
Not all her loveliness,—her mental charms,—  
Could stay the shaft the dreadful tyrant threw !

No longer 'neath the forest's shady screen  
The young girl bounds as in her happier hours ;  
Nor mingles with delight in that glad scene  
Where erst at eve she gathered dew-bent flowers ;

But lonely musings filled her darkened mind,  
As, with a measured step, solemn and slow,  
She moved along ; nor could MATOA find  
Aught of life's things to mitigate her woe.

No kindred of her mother's tribe were near  
To mingle sympathies, so sweet to all ;  
No voice, with accents bland, to stay the tear,  
Or teach its soothing crystals when to fall.

Darkened the glory of his sunny life,  
Bereft of bliss, (in gayer youth unknown,)   
That lured his footsteps oft from savage strife ;  
How were her father's high resolves o'erthrown !

And left to wander on, without that love  
So late his guiding star to hope and rest ;  
Soon did his nature's evil passions move,  
And fill with maddening power his changeful breast.

And he, the recreant one, could still forego,  
With small rebuke of soul, those slighted ties  
That bound as short a space, in recent woe  
Dissolved, like snow beneath the summer skies.

And where his wayward will most strongly bent,  
Thither the willing spirit urged his course,  
Neglectful of the gentle maid who, bent  
By dire affliction, felt alone its force.

For sad MATOA watched beside the stream,  
As rolled its seaward course with wave serene ;  
The clear, full mirror, sparkling in the beam  
That from creation's dawn the same had been.

Blest stream ! or James or Powhatan,—whate'er  
For Christian king or Pagan Sagamore,  
Thy gurgling waters soothed mine infant ear,  
As near thee rose my father's hall of yore.

And memory oft recurs with dear delight  
To times, when, on thy flowery banks I've played,  
Watching with pride of skill each eddy bright,  
By practised hand with smooth round pebbles made.

O ! can the young heart's joys be e'er forgot,  
    (Though age may change for aye each outward grace,)  
Where grew the thorn tree by my nurse's cot,  
    And how the wild brier decked my natal place ?

The light green foliage of the willow tree  
    That waved its slender boughs to every wind ;  
The cypress with its gloom, how dear to me !  
    Whose graceful tendrils oft I loved to bind,

Mingled with field flowers, to adorn the brow  
    Of my sweet sister, in our frolic play ;  
Ah ! true have its dark emblems told, for now  
    She, with all else I loved, has passed away !

But past are those brief years of cherished bliss,  
    Mingled in one great vortex, with the hour  
When young MATOA moved mid scenes like this,  
    Herself a bruised and wounded forest flower !

Rising with energies sublime and high,  
    From savage state to reason's brightest plan ;  
For sympathy divine illumed her eye,—  
    The ennobling gift of heaven to selfish man

With pensive mien and melancholy tone,  
Matoa mingled with the artless throng,  
When prompted by their calls ; but oft alone  
Indulged in silent grief, or unobtrusive song.

What if the poet breathe a simple strain  
For her, the gifted but the untaught child ?  
Can the ideal to the muse seem vain  
That thus she uttered nature's wood-notes wild ?

May not imagination's subtile powers  
Lend to the Indian girl a half-strung lyre ?<sup>14</sup>  
Robbed of the hope that strewed her path with  
flowers,  
O let rude poesy her soul inspire.

And listen to the rustic lay she sung,  
In voice untutored, but in cadence sweet,  
While many an uncouth form around her hung,  
Or scattered blossoms wild beneath her feet ;

Or o'er the mound that, e'en in savage time,  
Showed the still sleeper on the earth's dark breast ;  
Though all unblest with promises divine  
That points the spirit to a world of rest !

## III.

## MATOA'S LAMENT AT HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

“ FLY to the forest glade ;  
“ O ! with me seek its shade,  
“ Mother still dear.  
“ See where the sere leaves rest  
“ Softly on earth's still breast,  
“ While pangs of woe molest,—  
“ And urge the tear.

“ Of her who was thy child,  
“ Who 'mid the tempest wild,  
“ Would list thy lays,  
“ Here shall thy image dwell ;  
“ Nought break the sacred spell  
“ Of happier days !

“ Joy beamed in thy dark eye  
“ To me alone.  
“ O then was rapture nigh,—  
“ But thou art gone !

“ Bring, bring me flowers to spread  
“ On this low, peaceful bed ;  
“ Then tears of woe I'll shed,  
“ Cheerless, alone !

“ And when declining day  
“ Calls to our social play,  
“ Here will I dwell.  
“ Nor shall a footstep come  
“ Near this, thy hallowed home,  
“ O mother ! loved too well.

“ Dew-cups and honey-flowers,  
“ Clear streams and shady bowers,  
“ Ever adieu !

“ Nature now gives the call ;  
“ Freely I leave you all  
“ This grave to strew  
“ With buds that ne'er shall blow,  
“ Tears that for ever flow ;  
“ Heart's withered joys, that know  
“ Nought of hope's ray,  
“ Till the Great Spirit come  
“ And waft me to my home  
“ Far o'er the hills away !”

## I V.

## MATOA.

'Twas autumn,—and the leaves that fell  
All sere and withered by her side,  
Might to her heart a lesson tell  
Of man's short hour of pride!

“ True types are we of joys of earth ;  
“ And to the moralist we say,  
“ The tender hopes of mortal birth,  
“ Like us, must perish and decay.

“ Then mingle with the rose's bloom  
“ Flowers from that plant that ne'er can fade ;  
“ Life's tree,—which lives beyond the tomb ;  
“ By Hands Eternal, changeless made!

“ The brow so wreathed may Death defy ;  
“ For it his quiver holds no dart,  
“ When like a scroll the shrinking sky  
“ And sun and moon and stars depart !”



Stern winter came : his iron hand  
    Bade e'en sweet nature's self look drear ;  
The streams were tied with icy band,  
    And joyless was the waning year.

Strange, that his empire e'er should jar  
    On stricken hearts that know no rest,  
Whose hopes are crushed, or gleam afar  
    Like moonlight on the lake's cold breast.

With me, when sorrow's cloudy form  
    Spreads murky darkness o'er my brow,  
I love to list the wintry storm,  
    And hear its wail from every bough.

For life's gay summer-light, to grief,  
    When new misfortunes o'er us lower,  
Is like the dew from Upas leaf  
    Distilled upon a sleeping flower :

Unknown save by the withering spell  
    That closes up its petals fair,  
Just as its tender blossom's swell,  
    Reviving, felt the balmy air :

Or like the mirage to the seaman's glance,  
When exile long and danger he has known,  
The pictured vales before his visions dance,  
The cherished scenes of boyhood, once his own.

But soon his fairy dream hath passed away;  
Lashed by the tempest's wrath the waves arise;  
Night's sable pall shuts out each living ray,  
And the chafed billows seek the angry skies.

Thus alternates life's ever changing scene :  
To-day a hurricane, and then a calm;  
The morn may be all cloudless and serene,  
Or life's last glowing eve may shed a soothing balm.

Young Spring appeared with mirthful smile, but much  
Of fruit and flower as yet in embryo lay,  
Waiting the zephyr's sigh and sunbeam's touch  
To call their slumbering beauties into day.

Who hath not felt the joys of coming spring,  
When Nature dons her holiday attire,  
And the sweet choristers their voices bring  
To teach the soul to wonder and admire?

In adoration, too, to tune the shell  
In mystic numbers, to that Power above  
Who throws o'er all his works so soft a spell,  
Cradling creation in his boundless love ?<sup>15</sup>

The uncurbed rivulets soon laugh to scorn  
The petty tyrant of the icy chain,  
And hail with chorus loud the rosy morn  
That gives their murmurs to the fields again.

E'en young MATOA felt the influence mild,  
As something to her heart so long unknown :  
Not that oblivion had o'er ILA's child  
Its dark, impenetrable mantle thrown.

But Time must banish care in age or youth ;  
Nor can his worst inflictions triumph e'er,  
Since the sweet magic of resistless truth  
And friendship's offerings stay the falling tear.

Again the wilding rose, in sober wreath,  
(But mingled oft with shrubs that mourn the dead,  
Giving to every gale its perfumed breath,)  
Adorned her bosom or entwined her head.

The raven tresses of MATOA's hair  
Lay like a cloud enshrining her soft brow ;  
Those clouds of eve that give a promise fair  
While tinged their purple hue with ruddy glow.

Her brow was stamped with shade, as was her Sire's,  
(So say historians of romantic eld,)  
Deep marked with sadness, free from savage fires,  
Claiming a sympathy by none withheld.

But when bereaved of her maternal guide,  
Another seeming dwelt of sorrow there ;  
A pictured anguish, heralding, beside  
Hereditary gloom, the impress of despair.

Yet oft the gentle mourner would essay  
To cheer the woe another's bosom knew ;  
Give to the eye of joy a softer ray,  
Or hide the tear too faithful memory drew.

No more a youthful huntress of the wild,  
In mood reluctant at the high command  
Of the proud king ; who seldom sought his child,  
But with his dark-browed chieftains roved the land.

Or on the Ocean, when the summer breeze  
Fanned with light wing the deep and treacherous wave,  
Launched his broad bark, unused to stormy seas,  
Though all unmindful of a watery grave.

While yet MATOA's grief was unsuppressed,  
And recent sorrow marked each maiden's brow,  
The royal Sagamore in restless haste  
Sought in another clime to bind another vow.

Though full of mystery, and unrevealed  
To the sage numbers of his native clan ;  
Yet from the favoured few was nought concealed—  
The gay, the reckless, who approved the plan.

Few knew his embassy ; or, if they did,  
Fear kept in thrall the knowledge they had gained ;  
Still from MATOA was the secret hid,  
Though absent was the king till many a moon had  
waned.

## BOOK II.

## I.

## A FAMILY SKETCH.

THE royal wigwam of MATOA's sire  
Rings with a sound of more than common glee ;  
Another heir demands the beacon fire,  
And all the pomp of heathen revelry.

Though life be darkened, sometimes scenes like this  
A sympathetic pleasure may impart,  
Whether we mingle in the rev'ller's bliss,  
Or press our darling sorrow to the heart ;

Yet it is sweet to see another's smile  
Untouched, untainted by the griefs we know ;  
That innocence and love may still beguile  
The gay inheritor of worlds below.

While inly pierced, the bleeding bosom pants  
To seek its home and kindred in the skies ;  
And, tired of human ways and human wants,  
Unpressed by Nature's shackles, would arise !

And if MATOA blamed a parent's haste,  
And mourned the sainted one, so soon forgot,  
Her gentle soul forgave the trials past,  
And pleased, beheld another's joyous lot.

And clinging to the stay which fate had left,  
Heedless if other tendrils clasped it round ;  
Mayhap a solace to the heart bereft  
Could in the sacrifice of soul be found.

Howe'er that be ; whether the bosom bear  
The wounds inflicted in itself apart,  
Or claims that others take their wonted share,—  
Rests all unkennd within the stricken heart.

The Indian maid deemed not that one unknown  
Should bear the burden of her own dark woe ;  
Or, that the bride who shared her father's throne  
Should in the noon of life its joys forego.

The dark ERINGA of the Sunny Isle,  
Where orange flowers their fragrant dews distil,  
Gave this bright boy to win the monarch's smile ;  
And noisy mirth the woody valleys fill.

A proud Hidalgo, still to fame unknown,  
But rich in jewels and in golden store,  
Was sire to her, who, for a Sachem's throne,  
Left her fond mother to return no more.

Not like his early choice, his youth's first vow,  
The gentle ILA of a northern shore :  
Dark was ERINGA's cheek and sunny brow,  
Which uncurbed passion threw its lightning o'er.

For, in a clime where solar rays impart  
A light unchanging to the tropic day ;  
So does its influence reach the human heart  
With deep volcanic strifes, and wrath's untiring sway.

Whether from ancient Augustine the Bride,  
Or further, where the equatorial line  
Gives such preponderance of summer tide,  
Is not my legend's care, nor is it mine.

Sufficient to detail the threatened ire  
To the meek maiden of Virginia's soil,  
When the changed mood of her apostate sire  
Procured her sleepless nights, and weary days of toil.



In mystery clothed, the haughty POWHATAN  
Ne'er to his gentle daughter gave a clue  
By which to trace an ever-varying plan,  
Which morn and eve concocted schemings knew.

And since returned from o'er the buoyant wave,  
With the young Princess of a foreign line,  
No passing sign the once fond parent gave  
Of love which claims an origin divine.

Moody and wayward, as with care oppressed,  
The sov'reign of the woods imparted ne'er  
The pangs or secrets of his savage breast  
To her whose duty was to list and cheer.

Once, when the bridal bonfire's ruddy glow  
Shone over woodland stream and forests brown,  
A smile of rapture flitted o'er his brow ;  
But cold as moonbeams resting upon snow,  
And evanescent as an earthly crown.

He seemed to feel the spirit's blighting hour,  
The presage dark that clustering woes were near ;  
And, bound by Fate's irrevocable power,  
He owned the hidden spell, though all unused to fear.

MATOA wooed the darksome riddle still,  
And sought the past and present to disclose  
Of where he wandered, led by wayward will,  
And what the cause that triumphed o'er repose.

Something she learned mayhap, of doubtful truth,  
'Bout other climes whose natives worship fire :  
This told in secret by a modest youth  
Who loved MATOA, as he feared her sire.

The story, strange, and almost past belief,  
Gained easy credence at the royal court ;  
For, when did legend long, or fable brief,  
E'er fail for hearers where the young resort ?

Something they told of antiquarian lore,  
But now forgot or changed by lapse of time,  
Of palaces and halls on foreign shore,  
Built by migrators from dark Afric's clime,<sup>16</sup>

Who sought, as many do, the yellow ore  
For which the clear Pactolus once had fame :  
Not like our Pilgrim Fathers, who of yore  
Braved every danger for the Christian name.

The lay or legend bears no living trace  
    (Though speculations mark it o'er and o'er)  
Of that dark, restless, energetic race  
    Who braved the tempest's wrath and ocean's roar.

In some frail barge, like Furioso's boat,  
    When charmed the Atlantic wave by magic spell,  
Which, oiling water, bade each eddy float  
    Their rude canoe, like Triton's fabled shell :

In far back eld, ere English feet had trod  
    This fertile land where freedom's blessings reign,  
Some ships from Carthage, with their household god,  
    Ploughed the broad bosom of the Western main.

So says the legend ; and so said the youth  
    Who owned great POWHATAN's imperial sway ;  
And, bound by honour's laws and savage truth,  
    Reluctant crossed with him the watery way ;

And told of those who ne'er had told the tale,  
    How near to Cancer's stormy line they rode,  
That still they dwelt in Yucatan's broad vale,  
    Or made St. Augustine their blest abode.

Some stayed, he said, in the sweet land of flow'rs,  
Where red pomegranates ripen in the sun ;  
While others, tired of rest 'mid orange bowers,  
Toiled through the gulf till Mexico was won.

And mid Tlascala's ever verdant dells,  
Raised to their Lares many a sacred fane,  
Whose late discovery the record swells  
Of antiquarian wealth, or sacred or profane.

Enough is told whence dark ERINGA came,  
And where the Sachem found so gay a bride ;  
That foreign parentage the maiden claimed ;  
And by inheritance had gold beside.

Yet, till another fonder tie was wove  
To bind her close to her adopted land,  
Her bosom laboured 'twixt regret and love,  
Rousing her soul o'er reason's soft command.

But when the Sagamore felt kindling joy,  
And hailed the eaglet of his tribe and name,  
Maternal rapture owned the guiltless boy,  
And in a future age anticipated fame.

How hung MATOA o'er that infant heir,  
Yet mingled with her love a dark presage !  
'Twas not a selfish feeling of despair  
That he should share her royal heritage ;

For sordid sentiment and love of gain  
Ne'er found response within her gen'rous mind  
Where elevated worth was known to reign,  
Blended with innocence by love refined.

And as a snow-flake, ere it catch a stain  
Gross and impure from earth's commingled dyes,  
Was that bright being whom our simple strain  
Would deck with all of nature's sympathies.

Once had the barbed shaft transfix'd her heart,  
And given its cherished hopes to dark despair ;  
But now the aching void was filled in part  
With sweet affection for the infant heir.

Who has not felt a doubt, a pang, a throe,  
When some desired yet hopeless boon was given ?  
Yet well does every stricken bosom know  
That blessings e'er so great may be recalled by  
Heaven.

Just like a wounded bird who seeks its nest,  
With arrow pendent from its bleeding wing ;  
But ah ! he finds not there the promised rest,  
But bears to every place the secret sting.

Years sped away ; the boy from childish grace  
Grew in his strength and lightness like the fawn ;  
Bearing the sunny impress of his race,  
Which mocks the noon of life more than its rosy  
dawn.

Another annual round beheld the child  
Close by MATOA's side with footsteps free ;  
Or with the chieftain, 'mid the forest wild,  
In all the joy and pride of boyhood's happy glee.

But ere the winter of that year was past,  
The tomb received the eaglet of the tribe !  
O'er all the realm a sullen gloom was cast,  
Nor could affection's tear the tyrant bribe !

And O the mother's solitary grief !  
The father's anguish for his darling child !  
What to her tortured soul can bring relief,  
Or soothe his sorrow, passionate and wild ?

The young MATOA mourned the perished boy  
As if no future bliss could e'er impart  
Another ray of earth's too fleeting joy  
To her twice-stricken wilderness of heart.

'Tis vain to tell the anguish that it flings  
O'er life's best hopes, an agony like this ;  
Nor can the pen impart the secret stings  
That pierce the buckler of our brightest bliss !

Youth suffers deeply. But when age can feel,  
Stript of the stoic calm which reason throws  
O'er later life, O then does sorrow steal  
Each cherished hope, steeping the soul in woes.

No duplicate of bright and budding joys  
The sad heart loves to own in times like this ;  
Since that sweet unit which cold death destroys,  
Takes from life's bleeding source its modicum of  
bliss.

## II.

NANTAQUAS.<sup>17</sup>

ONE son, the pledge of almost youthful love,  
From the great monarch claimed a parent's care ;  
Not given the joys of wedded life to prove,  
But of his boundless heritage, an heir.

BUT wayward was NANTAQUAS' early days ;  
Evil still marked his course and nought of good ;  
E'en Fame in that rude age proclaimed his ways  
As stamped with crime, an Arab of the wood.

SMILE not at this, ye moralists profound,  
Who deem the sons of nature all uncouth ;  
Since in the forest denizen is found,  
Full oft, a generous feeling mixed with truth.

HAVE ye not seen a gem of beauty rare,  
Hid 'neath a rough exterior ; or a meek  
And injured spirit, who would boldly dare  
Some glorious deed would pale a prouder cheek ?



The ore most valued, in its native bed  
Shows no intrinsic worth to common eyes :  
The flower when crushed its richest odours shed ;  
And wisdom blent with gentleness is more than wise.

The gorgeous vault that heralds the bright sun,  
Marks where his fiery car refulgent gleams ;  
And though we love such light to gaze upon,  
We're charmed no less with its retiring beams.

The doubtful glory of its tinting ray,  
When the full orb sinks 'neath the evening's gloom,  
Gives a sweet semblance of hope's balmy sway  
Rising in triumph from the darksome tomb !

Thus, nature gladdens oft the sense and soul,  
At morning's softest hour and evening's still ;  
But rebel passions, heedless of control,  
Mock the Creator's power, and roam the earth at will.

The lawless son of meek MATOA's sire  
Owned no sweet influence of kindred band ;  
Dark was his sullen brow replete with ire  
Which scattered terror through his native land.

A second Absalom, he longed to grasp  
The regal sceptre by his father swayed ;<sup>18</sup>  
And but that Fate denied the impious task,  
The monarch of the wood had in his grave been laid.

Long had the Sachem of an hundred tribes  
Driven into exile far his reckless boy,  
Whose dark apostacy from nature's ties  
Could confidence and love for aye destroy ;

But that the gentle ILA formed the plan  
By kind persuasion to reclaim the youth ;  
By turns instilling in the embryo man  
Mercy's sweet attribute, and guileless truth.

Respect inspired the forest rover oft  
To list the dictates pure of virtue's law  
Given to his ear in accents firm, yet soft,  
Or mild rebuke, chastened with mingled awe.

But ILA's counsels could no more prevail ;  
For death had sealed those lips whence wisdom flowed ;  
Then, shipwrecked was each hope, and passion's gale  
Swept with resistless force the good that was bestowed.

By every tribe of all the wide domain  
That bowed to POWHATAN's imperial sway,  
Rev'renced and loved was ILA's gentle reign  
Which shed refining influence day by day.

But perished was the charm, its shadow fled,  
Save what her own loved progeny retained;  
Few mourned in verity the Queenly dead,  
Till twelve revolving moons their 'plenished horns had  
waned.

Vain was each effort of MATOA's zeal  
To lure her brother from the ways of sin;  
Or teach his uncurbed spirit how to feel  
The dignity of virtue throned within.

Object of hate, he scorned her offered aid,  
Resisting still the eloquence of truth;  
Though to his ear full oft the gentle maid  
Imparted lessons sage, though from the lips of youth.

Fierce were his passions, full of hasty strife;  
Quenchless the anger that his bosom knew;  
E'en dark revenge seemed meet for such a life,  
And with his manhood's strength together grew.

Like jungle tiger from his hidden lair,  
    Bounding in giant strength and ruthless force,  
NANTAQUAS' weapon knew not how to spare,  
    Nor dreamed of mercy in its vengeful course.

The ravening wolf, the vulture of the rock,  
    Were emblems meet of cruelty so dire;  
More fierce in ambush than the battle's shock :  
    His was the scorpion's sting,—the Demon's fire.

Though dark his passions, turbulent his life,  
    “Passing away” was written on his brow ;  
And of his prowess,—of his Arab strife,—  
    Scarce one wild legend tells the story now !

Gone is the race that once in triumph trod  
    The boundless heritage to them decreed :  
Was it the hand of man, or scourge of God,  
    That gave their hosts to suffer and to bleed ?

Was exile, or the grave their portion still ?  
    And for what guilt or crime were they oppressed ?  
Doubtless to work the sov'reign Maker's will,  
    Or prove this truth, “On earth there is no rest !”

But passed forever from this troubled sphere,  
Melted like frost-work 'neath the solar ray,  
Victims of wrath, or policy severe,  
How are their dark memorials swept away !

Let not unhallowed hands the curtain raise  
When Heaven's high fiat would remain concealed ;  
Enough to offer ceaseless prayers and praise,  
Or bow submissive to the truths revealed.

## BOOK III.

## I.

THE EXILE.<sup>19</sup>

THE south winds sighed the woods among ;  
The virgins tuned their evening lay ;  
Though rude the minstrelsy, they sung  
In honour of returning May.

For hearts to Nature's dictates true,  
Though all uncultured, may aspire  
Anthems to raise, forever due  
To Nature and to Nature's Sire.

Amid this rural scene of song,  
One sat apart from all the throng ;  
Her Queenly brow, not passing fair,  
But beauty and repose were there.<sup>20</sup>

Some seventeen summers you might trace,  
Yet doubting, on the maiden's face.  
For not a smile of radiance shone,  
And hope's delusive ray was gone.

Deep buried in the earth's cold breast,  
With her who taught them first to glow,  
Lay every buoyant thought at rest  
Which erst illumed her polished brow.

Yet, not alone the impress there,  
That sure hereditary seal  
Her Father owned, some new despair,  
Some mystery dark, none might reveal.

O'er her dark hair's luxuriant fold  
Was thrown a cypress wreath of gloom ;  
And well her look of sorrow told  
How meet this emblem of the tomb.

Listless she sat, yet not a tear  
Dimmed with its dew her pensive eye,  
Though oft the mute, attentive ear  
Might catch the echo of a sigh.

Why heaves her maiden breast that sigh ?  
And why so mournful, sorrow's child ?  
Is it the sign of sympathy,  
Or deeper woe still unbeguiled ?

She starts ; for near her stands confessed  
The swarthy lineaments of one,  
By her rude Father's wayward hest,  
Late her betrothed, his plighted son.

First in the chase, in counsel tried,  
The Chieftain of a mighty band,  
He proudly asks a royal bride,  
And seeks the maid's unwilling hand.

There is a sympathy of soul,  
By nature's impress fondly given,  
That mocks at man and his control,  
Claiming the changeless stamp of Heaven.

This gentle bond, this mystic tie,  
Responded not in that pure heart,  
Where filial love reigned quenchlessly,  
Seeming of very life a part.

Chill was the glance and cold the tone  
Returned for many an uttered vow ;  
Like glacier 'neath the forest's frown,  
Or moonless night on polar snow.



Till reft of hope, the chieftain sought  
The influence of her royal sire,  
Whose uncurbed passions quickly caught  
The lava-flame of quenchless ire.

What can withstand the tempest's sway ?  
What stem the forked lightning's path ?  
Or what vain hand would e'er essay  
To check the angry lion's path ?

And man is like the tempest dire,  
When chafed by passion's stormy force ;  
The desert king,—the levin-fire,—  
Are not more baleful in their course.

Bound by that spell, so dark, so dread,  
And spurning nature's fondest tie,  
The sire commands ; the gentle maid  
Is led like victim doomed to die !

For who might strive to calm his mood ?  
Who thwart a Sachem's high command ?  
As well attempt to bind the flood  
With silken thread or ozier band.

“ Exile !” the haughty monarch cried !

“ O’er the deep sea, where solar blaze

“ Rises triumphant o’er the tide,

“ Spreading afar his earliest rays,

“ There to abide, unloved, unsought,

“ Till twelve revolving moons are o’er ;

“ Or, till her icy soul has caught

“ The flame of this young Sagamore.”

Affection, blent with duty, still

O’ermastered every rebel thought ;

And, bending to the tyrant’s will,

The well-manned barge MATOA sought.

For ne’er, indeed, in thought, in word

Had that meek girl resistance given

To one, who, with her soul’s accord,

She deemed the delegate of Heaven !

For months her gentle soul was filled

With feelings ominous and dire ;

Nor knew the bond so nearly sealed

Between the chieftain and her sire.

Oft, when the moon's broad orb on high  
Lit with its beams her joyless home,  
She sat alone, while many a sigh  
Echoed around the deepening gloom.

The night-bird's solemn ditty broke  
The unchanged solitude around ;  
'Or Muk-a-wis with plaintive note  
Came to her ear with soothing sound.<sup>21</sup>

Sometimes, as starting from a dream,  
With silent step she'd steal along  
To watch the fire-fly's tiny beam,  
As mirrored in the stream it shone.

But when the darkness was dispelled,  
Hope's pinions fanned the maiden's breast ;  
And though a feeble lamp she held  
Of changeful gleam, it promised rest.

For hope bears blossoms beautiful for all,  
Since flowers of Paradise were first create ;  
And many unlooked-for benefactions fall  
On those who deem their lot most desolate.

And sometimes dreams of rapture steal  
With cherished thoughts of future bliss ;  
And visions bright may oft reveal  
Scenes of a world more pure than this.

In every heart where love has set his seal,  
Or joy his dancing myrmidons hath led,  
These fond illusions will insidious steal  
To wreath their spells around the trusting head.

Not like despair that triumphs for a while,  
But never meant in Nature's bounds to stay ;  
And though the rayless zenith hath no smile,  
Returning gladness dawns with coming day.

The gloom of Nature seldom starless is ;  
So mental night, however brooding o'er,  
Oft leaves a picture of some latent bliss,  
And brings the bosom hope, if nothing more.

Yet scarce one ray of perfect hope  
Found in her wounded bosom scope ;  
Since cold neglect and added scorn  
Had been her lot from eve till morn.

For, when from war or chase returned,  
NANTAQUAS' breast with fury burned ;  
Nor smiled her father's saddened brow,  
Which always stern, was darker now !

Her young companions all essayed  
To cheer the sorrows of the maid,  
Ere yet was given the harsh decree  
To bear her o'er the foaming sea.

But since to banishment consigned,  
No maiden's presence cheered her mind  
On Accomac's far dreary shore  
Where winds and waves alternate roar ;

And human forms, more savage still,  
Dwelt, reckless all of good or ill.  
What joy, what hope could ever come  
To grace the exile's distant home !

This narrow spot or isthmian band  
Owned POWHATAN's imperial sway ;  
The eastern bound of that fair land  
Which claims the sun's reviving ray,

When rising from his ocean caves  
He breaks the links of soft repose ;  
Tinging the dark Atlantic waves  
With crimson dye or palest rose.

But what of Nature's earliest scene  
Could starry vault, or wave serene  
Impart to her sad spirit now,  
Or yet illume her pensive brow ?

The cruel mandate of her sire  
Seemed to her ear as sounding still,  
Though passed was every beacon fire,  
And passed each watch-light on the hill.

And calmly, 'mid the painted throng,  
Companions of her wayward fate,  
As the dark vessel bore along,  
In musing mood the Princess sat.

She thought on childhood's fleeting hours,  
How full of hope and joyous glee !—  
The forest stream,—the meadow flowers,—  
And the soft sunlight o'er the lea.

And memory, with delusive wile,  
Each scene with magic touch arrayed,  
Where a fond Mother's tender smile  
Beamed warmly on her Indian maid !

From these loved scenes of early youth,  
The sacred mounds to memory dear ;  
From well tried friends of guileless truth,  
She parted for a long, long year !

Have you e'er felt the barbed dart  
Fall darkly on the stricken heart,  
When not e'en hope remained to bless  
The desert of your loneliness ?

It is, as if the silent tomb  
Had oped its iron gates of gloom,  
And its sepulchral voice came o'er  
The spirit's ear, " Ye live no more ! "

As the deep surges' lullaby  
The mournful silence broke,  
To new and bitter agony  
The hapless girl awoke,

To feel the solitude,—the gloom,—  
    'Mid desolation's woes,  
The thrilling silence of the tomb,  
    Without its calm repose!

She dwelt with many a withering thought  
    On changes sad and wild,  
Since in her Father's rural court  
    She lived a favoured child.

That Father, now alas! how changed!  
    A desert place that spot!  
And its loved inmates all estranged,  
    Nor mourned the exile's lot.

The blast that withers quite the rose  
    But bares its thorns to view;—  
Thus memory brings our keenest woes,  
    And wounds the soul anew.

We weep that flowers so fleeting are;  
    We weep that thorns abide;  
And every change demands a tear  
    On life's uncertain tide.



And doubly changeful is the lot  
Of one who strives for fame ;  
His private virtues all forgot,  
When gained a poet's name !

For seldom is a spirit found  
That soars above our earth,  
But grovelling ones who love the ground,  
Think every pledge of duty bound  
To crush his hope's young birth.

Whether in science' mystic vale,  
Or pure religion's mount,  
How many scorn to list his tale,  
Would stir his crystal fount ;

And tell to all the vulgar throng,  
That reason never blends  
Where genius sways, or fancy strong  
Her fairy pinion lends.

O heed them not ; for virtues rare  
May with the bright ideal live ;  
Since He who formed creation fair,  
Its jewels to the meek will give.

But pass we from this thoughtful mood,  
And leave the moralist to prose,  
Whilst down the soft and silvery flood  
We trace MATOA and her woes.

How sad her bosom none can tell !  
Nor how she mourned her early home ;  
Or how her boding spirit fell  
At dark misfortunes yet to come.

The royal Sachem's wigwam fair,  
On that proud stream that bore his name,  
Was desert now ; nor Prince, nor Peer,  
Within its ruined precincts came.<sup>22</sup>

But swart ERINGA, childless, wept  
The death-blow of her hope and joy ;  
Alone, the faded relic kept,  
The memory of her perished boy ;

While ranging forest, field and lea,  
The haughty king had marked the shore  
Where York's broad bosom to the sea  
Its tributary waters bore.

There rose his standards high to view,  
The signals dark of savage ire ;—<sup>23</sup>  
There moored each Brave his light canoe,  
And flamed afresh the beacon fire.

'Twas here, in this sequestered place,  
Where nature's pristine beauties lay,  
That, tired of war and of the chase,  
The monarch wore his life away ;

When chafed by ills that life had told,  
And darker ruin o'er him came ;  
When the pale hand, with daring bold,  
Oft wrapped those forest homes in flame !

There, too, the exiled maiden roved,  
Ere his harsh mandate bade her roam ;  
Yet ne'er had bright MATOA loved  
York's borders, like her early home.

Twice had the sun revolving seen  
The woes of man and eke his pride,  
Since the sad exile's bark had been  
Borne on that blue and flowing tide.

Another dawn beheld it tossed  
By waves' tempestuous woe the while,  
Till, drenched with rain, their rudder lost,  
Wrecked was the skiff on Cedar Isle.<sup>24</sup>

This lovely isle, like one of yore,  
Planted amid a wilder wave,  
Untasted fruits of summer bore,  
And balmy dews to evening gave.

But fell disease had marked the place,  
And pestilential breezes played,  
Like blasting Upas o'er its face,  
Where towered in pride the myrtle's shade.

Unheeded by man's watchful eye,  
The crested serpent dwelt alone ;  
And monsters of the deep would hie  
To bask them in the solar noon.

Unknown those brakes, unken'd those bowers  
Where nature's full luxuriance lay ;  
Nor heeded were its loveliest flowers,  
While wept its streams their life away.

Of late, an Argosy of cost,  
By tempest driven, or calms delayed,  
With arduous toil had neared the coast,  
Their trans-atlantic friends to aid.<sup>25</sup>

From Albion's chalky cliffs she bore,  
Bound to Virginia's fertile strand ;  
But the rough breakers on the shore  
Denied them access to the land.

Till spent with want, o'ercome by toil,  
Bereft of all save hope's soft smile,  
How hailed her crew the welcome soil,  
Though all unknown, of Cedar Isle.

Knights and Esquires from thralldom free,  
With wild delight the scene surveyed ;  
Deeming such rural spot might be  
Sacred to Fauns and Druids made.

For yet high chivalry inspired  
The restless sons of Albion's Isle ;  
And gay romance each vision fired,  
And love and fame and beauty's smile.

These prompted many a daring crew  
To tempt the ocean's briny wave,  
In search of countries wild and new,  
That nature in her bounty gave.

Perhaps, impelled by such desires,  
By love of change far more than gain,  
Our country's brave, adventurous sires,  
First crossed the broad Atlantic main.

But woe to them, the tribes of Ind ;  
The forest sons, so bold and free ;  
The dark avenger was behind,—  
The scourge—the shaft of destiny !

And vain is every fond regret ;  
Our speculations vain and wild ;  
The sun of hope forever set  
On forest king, and nature's child !

'Twas morning ; and the softened ray  
Of twilight lent its soothing power,  
More grateful than the blaze of day  
To man and beast, to herb and flower.

Now, chased by bright Apollo's car,  
The murky clouds depart awhile ;  
Hushed was the elemental jar,  
And nature donned her gayest smile.

But soon a fiery radiance came ;  
High in the zenith rose the sun  
Like tropic noon ; its heat the same  
When Sirius' angry course is run.

Innumerable insects filled  
The thickened air at evening's hour ;  
Unwholesome dewes the night distilled  
From forest tree and myrtle bower.

In haste they leave the dreaded isle,  
Which morning's dawn so sweetly fann'd ;  
With disappointed hopes the while,  
They darkly seek a safer strand.

What recked the crew of treasures lost,  
When life itself seemed threatened there ?  
Can gold or gems repay the cost  
Of banished health and growing care ?

For used to more salubrious clime  
Of England's free and happy home,  
'Neath southern suns, 'mid autumn's prime,  
Her hardiest veterans feared to roam.

But turn we to MATOA now,  
And the dark guardians of her fate  
With lips compressed, and gloomy brow,  
Expressive both of scorn and hate.

For well his tribes with love and zeal  
Their monarch's every hest obeyed,  
Though some among the band might feel  
Pity's sweet influence for the maid.

One youthful boy, whose changing glance  
Was raised anon with hope or fear,  
Eyed the bright girl with looks askance,  
Or stayed his breath her voice to hear!

Who may not read the riddle through,  
And tell that love inspired the Page?  
Love most devoted, warm and true,  
Such as obtained in tender age,



When hearts are pure, and visions gay,  
Ere worldly care or worldly woe  
Has marred young Nature's holiday,  
And taught th' unwilling tear to flow.

Of noble lineage was the youth,  
Dark OPEKANKANO's loved boy,  
The mirror he of savage truth ;  
A gentle mother's only joy.

Much had he seen that ripened man  
In that rude age did ne'er aspire ;  
'Mid realms unknown, with POWHATAN,  
He'd fanned full many a Sachem's fire.

And when returned, his guileless heart  
Bowed at the shrine of mighty love ;  
But ah ! the quiver held no dart  
Responsive, nor did fate approve.

Witless, the Sagamore ordained  
This noble youth, MATOA's page ;  
Nor dreamed that passion's sway had gained  
Dominion o'er his tender age.

But vain was every idle vow  
His heart upon Love's altar laid,  
Cold as the forest's unsunned snow ;  
Yet grateful was the gentle maid.

One boon she claimed, that, ne'er denied,  
He might her guardian spirit prove ;  
'Twas that through life they, side by side,  
Should talk of friendship, not of love.

And well he kept his plighted word  
From youth to manhood, thence to age ;  
Still stronger grew the mystic cord,  
That bound MATOA and her page.

Onward, by giant strength impelled,  
Their lightning course the oarsmen held,  
Till anchored in the Bay  
Where many a river, broad and deep,  
Urges its course with headlong sweep  
To meet the ocean's spray.

There windbound was the thriftless bark ;  
The leaden clouds grew densely dark,  
Portentous of a gale.

The leader of the savage band  
Looked out in vain for friendly land,  
Or e'en a doubtful sail.

But rising in its mighty wrath,  
The tempest swept their seaward path,  
Lit by the levin flame.  
Swift 'fore the scudding blast they go  
From mountain wave to vale below,  
Till to that Isle they came.

Escaped from elemental strife,  
Each deemed he bore a charmed life  
From dangers still secure,  
Till righted was their vessel's sides,  
Impervious made to winds and tides,  
By process rude but sure.

Here late the English convoy stood,  
When tired of tempest, toil and flood,  
She deemed an harbour found;  
But panic-struck, her watch and ward,  
From counter-stern to foremast guard,  
Fled the enchanted ground.

There, wandered mournfully the maid,  
Like one deserted and betrayed,  
    On that sequestered shore.  
That Indian Page of noble race  
Walked by her side with quiet grace,  
    Or pioneered before.

He stops entranced ; before him lay,  
Reflecting back the blaze of day,  
    Something of dazzling light  
Encased in gold.<sup>26</sup> With diamonds wrought,  
It seemed from far Golconda brought,  
    With gems so pure and bright.

MATOA viewed the wondrous prize,  
Not with the gaze of vulgar eyes,  
    As mindful of its worth ;  
But as a treasure kindly given  
To soothe a soul by sorrow riven,  
    With solace not of earth.

The casket of the glittering thing  
Opened by magic or by spring,  
    And there disclosed such grace

Of differing feature, differing shade  
From the dark Page or fairer maid,  
And all their swarthy race.

Yet bore the "human face divine,"  
With modest eye of doubtful shine,  
And locks of deepened gold,  
That Fancy, in her wildest flight,  
Not hope by day, or dream by night,  
Had e'er such visions told !

## II.

## THE RETURN.

MONTHS rolled away. The exiled maid,  
Resigned, endured her hapless lot ;  
With rev'rence meet her sire obeyed,  
Yet ne'er the tyrant hand forgot.

Twelve full-orbed moons' resplendent beams  
Had waxed and waned their borrowed fire,  
Since, 'mid those distant vales and streams,  
MATOA wept her absent sire :

Since exiled by his harsh command  
To Accomac's resounding shore ;  
Where, like a giant's arm, the land  
Binds the dark wave, nor heeds its roar.

Once on a voyage of hazard bent,  
The monarch met his gentle child,  
As with the youthful Page she went  
To list the sea-dirge echoing wild.

For much she loved, in saddest hour,  
The spirits of the deep to hear,  
When rose their more than human power  
In murmurings low upon the ear;

Ere yet from ocean caves arose  
Those symphonies, so darkly dread;  
Those discord-notes, which tell the throes  
Of Nature in her secret bed.

Sometimes by tempest they are told  
When sweeps its wrath the watery world;  
And oft in torrents fierce and bold,  
From deep volcanic sources hurled.

'Mid eve's still hour, in sombre mood,  
MATOA sought the beachen strand;  
When came her Father o'er the flood  
That bore her from her natal land.

But short their colloquy. One look  
With varied signs, sufficed to show  
That not one thought of ARRAOOK  
Was mingled with MATOA's woe.

How oft, alas ! does human art  
Defeat its own deep practised wile ;  
And, free the unsuspecting heart,  
Its chiefest care is to beguile !

Long had MATOA owned the sway  
Of reason and refinement sweet ;  
Nor scorned the youths that, day by day,  
Knelt willing captives at her feet.

But with the firmness Nature gave,  
Blent with the mildness of the dove,  
While yet she soothed each tender Brave,  
Forbade to whisper thoughts of love.

Again recalled, she sought the court  
Where regal pomp held mimic sway ;  
But stranger-beings there resort,  
Unheard of in her early day.

For ne'er had stranger footsteps been  
Within the rural monarch's reign ;  
Nor other eyes the mysteries seen  
With doubting heart or thought profane.



Before the monarch's presence stood  
A graceful form with radiant eye ;  
With power unfelt, but purpose good,  
To cloud his star's dark destiny ;

Held by the thews of forest deer,  
Alone this mystic being stands.<sup>27</sup>  
O ! was it rev'rence, love, or fear  
That bade MATOA burst his bands ?

And when, condemned by ruthless hate,<sup>28</sup>  
His life-blood doomed to flow around,  
Her courage stayed the victim's fate,  
And bared her bosom to the wound.

And even when the ready knife,  
Seemed thirsting for the pale man's blood,  
Threat'ning wild vengeance on a life  
Devoted to the public good,

The watchful, kind MATOA came  
Like winged seraph from afar,  
Sweet Mercy's errands to proclaim,  
And heal the feuds of savage war.

For in her heart's most secret core  
    Mercy's sweet impress still was found,  
Ere on the desert Isle's rude shore,  
    Was touched th' elastic cord by which her  
        soul was bound.

But changes came. The visions fair  
    Of full dominion prompts the deed.  
The infant colony to spare,  
    The gallant forest sons must bleed !

O ! could we hide 'neath tenfold gloom,  
    And blot from the historic page  
The fiat dark,—the red man's doom  
    In this, his ancient heritage !

Does not a kindling blush betray  
    Shame and confusion for our sires  
Who ruled their foes with cruel sway,  
    And quenched with blood their forest fires ?

Unhallowed was the ruthless crime,  
    Calling for retribution still !  
A stain that triumphs over time ;—  
    A sable monument of ill !

What though the wily chieftains strove  
To stay the progress of that race ;  
To check their " banner-cross of love"  
Which bore not mercy's faintest trace ?

Treachery to treachery was applied  
To work on man a Demon's woe !  
And force to force alternate tried  
By the invader and the foe !

" Conquest and spoil !" the watchwords given,  
When passed the dark Atlantic wave  
By those the delegates of Heaven,  
Whose emblems peace and freedom gave.

Then where the aggressor ? Who can tell  
The dark, mysterious story now  
Of wrongs avenged,—of passions fell,—  
The treach'rous deed,—the broken vow !

But time that writes " nought fadeless here,"  
Has scathed each hero's laurelled path ;  
And Heaven's full record gives fore'er  
The 'plenished vials of its wrath !

The halcyon on the ocean's spray,  
Sweet harbinger of coming spring,  
Heeds not the rising tempest's sway,  
But rides the wave with tireless wing.

And man, unmindful of his doom,  
Pursues the fairy phantoms still  
Fearless ; as if the silent tomb  
Ne'er triumphed over good and ill.

Thy fate, sweet maid,—MATOA now no more,<sup>29</sup>  
But POCAHONTAS,—name forever dear,—  
Was fraught with every stamp of worldly woe ;—  
Sad exile,—hopeless love,—and bondage drear.

How did her gentle sympathies arise  
For the pale captive of her father's crown,  
When, as she deemed, from climes beyond the skies,  
Bright hope had lured some kindred spirit down.

For such the Hero seemed of purer race,  
Like the loved image of her dreaming bliss :  
In form all majesty, divine in face ;  
Too fair, too gentle, for a world like this.

Something her fancy cherished, unrevealed  
E'er since her guileless bosom bore a gem,  
A talisman enshrined, from all concealed ;  
But worth to nature's child a world's gay diadem.

SMITH scorned her heart's idolatry, since none  
But wayward feelings claimed their altar-place ;  
And he whose valour prouder dames had won,  
Yielded not e'en to her, the purest of her race.

The beaming crescent, by his stalwart arm,  
Had oft been shorn of radiance in his course,  
While Eastern beauty owned the magic charm  
Of dauntless courage blent with mental force.

## III.

## THE VISIT AND PROPHECY.

WITH sad serenity, the Indian maid  
Felt hope's expiring breath her bosom thrill ;  
Yet bound by fate, its influence she obeyed,  
And nerved her spirit to its sovereign will.

With joyless steps she left her father's courts,  
(For darkened was his brow to ILA's child,)<sup>30</sup>  
Since there each magic Werowance resorts,<sup>31</sup>  
Treach'rous by nature and for vengeance wild.

Alone and unattended on she roved,  
Not e'en by Tomocomo, ever good,  
Her faithful page, who without reason loved,  
And left his father's state to guard her o'er the flood.

Who would have deemed, a few brief years ago,  
That she, the bright "Snow-Feather" of her tribe,  
Should, homeless, friendless, desolate, alone,  
Brave dangers that the muse may not describe.

But what will war's wild evils not effect,  
Severing alike the chain of birth and kind,  
Leaving full oft the child to rude neglect,  
And the fond mother reft of peace and mind !

And now its ravages were carried through  
The boundless realms of mighty POWHATAN,  
While fire and sword like blazing beacon flew,  
Prostrating every art of savage man ;

Till tired with bloodshed, sickened with alarms,  
The meek "Snow-Feather," bowed with many a woe,  
Resolved to seek a kinsman's open arms,  
Who offered safety from the common foe.

As yet, the rumour had alone been heard  
O'er the soft borders of the quiet lea,  
Where dark JAPAZAW his rude palace reared :  
A seeming friendly chief, of distant kindred he.

How the old Chieftain kept his plighted vow,  
The sequel will disclose in fitting time :  
Guileless herself, as yet she knew not how  
The path to avarice may end in crime.

Oft had the pale man been her welcome guest,  
And oft sweet mercy's charm had been essayed  
To 'suage the passions of each angry breast ;  
On either side the suffering friend to aid.

But anarchy prevailed ; her much loved land  
Was torn by discord both with friend and foe ;  
Then sought th' reluctant maid a safer strand,  
To hide her Father's frown and mitigate her woe.

Full many a glorious sun had sunk to rest,  
And fired the zenith with its noontide heat,  
Since, weary, wandering with perturbed breast,  
She sought repose within some calm retreat.

To broad Potomac's banks she bent her way,  
Heedless of comfort or of kindred ties ;  
Alone, unfriended, after many a day  
She marks the wigwams of JAPAZAW rise.

Sequestered was the spot, from war remote,  
Safe from alarums of the common foe ;  
No tocsin here had oped its brazen throat,  
Nor blood-stained records told of endless woe.



The wily Sachem of that land of flowers  
A seeming welcome to the stranger sent ;  
While his gay maidens, 'mid their dewy bowers,  
On every soothing care were fondly bent.

Thus oft, alas ! the sycophantic smile  
The trusting bosom lures but to beguile ;  
For ere the maiden reached his quiet home,  
A herald from the foe with offered bribes had come.

Close by the sounding beach, alone and free,  
Her hut, adorned with symbols most uncouth,  
Feared and yet rev'renced by her tribe was she,  
An oracle of more than common truth,  
There dwelt an aged crone of other years,  
The child of mystery,<sup>32</sup> whose sightless eyes  
Saw the dim future, 'reft of boding fears,  
Before her gifted visions nightly rise.

Far other greetings to the toil-worn maid,  
This withered Sibyl of Potomac spoke ;  
One wasted hand on that smooth brow she laid,  
Then into strains prophetic loudly broke.

“ Here rest thy weary head”—

Thus MANATOWA said—

“ And bathe thy wounded feet within this stream ;

“ Here from thy troubles rest ;

“ No cares shall thee molest,

“ Nor aught intrude upon thy youthful dream.

“ The image on thy breast

“ Be close and closer pressed.

“ Who shall displace it from its rightful home ?

“ Not haughty ARRAOOK, JAPAZAW’s swarthy son,

“ Who deemed the promise gained, the vict’ry won ;

“ Nor other of his race

“ Shall find the favoured place,

“ Were he the bravest, wisest of his kind,

“ And gave the diadem thy brows to bind,—

“ Till he of destiny the choice from distant lands shall

“ come.

“ In thy bright clime, sweet daughter of the sun,

“ Is many a deed of cruel vengeance done ;

“ But in my quiet home

“ No dreaded war-whoops come,

“ Waking the echoes of this time-worn wood ;

“ Nor the pale strangers stand

“ Girt with the murd’rous brand,

“ Bathed to the hilt in friends’ and kindred’s blood.

“ Then rest thee, gentle maid,  
“ In this sequestered shade,  
“ Safe from thy father’s frown,—the foeman’s knife ;  
“ And lend a listening ear  
“ To what but few may hear  
“ Of past, of present and of future life.

“ My eyes, unveiled, beheld the dawn  
“ Of young creation’s rosy birth ;  
“ The outspread curtains of the morn ;  
“ The props and pillars of our earth !

“ The song of seraphs rose and fell  
“ In concert with the planets’ sigh ;  
“ Till waked the anthem’s holy swell  
“ To universal harmony !

“ For what to the prophetic mind  
“ Is darkly vague and undefined  
“ In all of wisdom, truth and love,  
“ Sent by the Spirit from above ?

“ That Spirit great, who rules the winds,  
“ And with his hand the tempest binds,  
“ Gives to the soul its hallowed light,  
“ When quenched the outward eye in night.

“ The visions brighten as they pass,  
“ Like morning’s sunlight o’er the grass.  
“ Trees,—mountains,—continents of sand,  
“ And floods that mingle sea and land,  
“ With other shadowy things, arise  
“ Like magic forms before mine eyes !

“ First in their order sadly come  
“ The exiles from their own loved home  
    “ Of this and future time ;  
“ And, as my soul may dimly trace  
“ The features of my swarthy race,  
    “ Behold ! another clime !

“ Then darker, stranger sights appear,  
“ That fill me with a boding fear !  
“ For round me move, in dark array,  
“ The Patriarchs of a former day :<sup>33</sup>  
“ Those whom our Fathers say began  
“ The race of dark apostate man.

“ A shadowy Sceptre first appears ;<sup>34</sup>  
    “ A Lion’s grasp this symbol holds,  
“ While, in the vale of coming years,  
    “ I mark a shepherd guard his folds.

“ Lo ! these depart ! An Ensign stands  
“ Upheld in midst by bloody hands !<sup>35</sup>  
“ O ! enter not my soul with theirs  
“ Whose evil way is set with snares !

“ But quick these pageants fade away,  
“ As stars are quenched at dawn of day ;  
“ And goodly ‘ ships of Tarshish ’ seem  
“ The mimic product of a dream.

“ Full many a passing change is there,  
“ Mingled with hope and with despair ;  
“ For on the purple throne of state  
“ Another and another sat.

“ And now a stranger scene appears :

● “ A warrior, rudely clad for war.<sup>36</sup>  
“ A stately courser proudly bears  
“ This airy form to climes afar.  
“ But ’neath the tropic’s sickly sky  
“ Lo ! horse and rider prostrate lie.

“ Was it the Samiel’s angry breath  
“ That doomed them to an early death ?  
“ No ; ’twas the serpent’s venom’d fang  
“ Unseen, inflicts the deadly pang.

“ Still other forms around me float ;  
“ Forgot their names,—their day remote,—  
“ But legends yet may tell  
“ Of fruitful boughs and branches fair,  
“ All clustering in the summer air  
“ Around an eastern well.<sup>37</sup>

“ And last of all, in snowy field,  
“ Broad as a Sachem warrior’s shield,  
“ A dark-red Hind, of noble race,<sup>33</sup>  
“ Bends his tall form to win the chase.  
“ Antlered and old this forest king,  
“ And bears the barbed arrow’s sting.

“ The prize, a banner not unfurled,  
“ But destined for the western world,  
“ When high commands shall bid them go  
“ Far o’er the trackless wastes of snow,  
“ Where icy fetters bind the main  
“ And freedom’s sons are free again.

“ No more the harp shall utter sighs ;  
“ No more the captive’s songs arise  
“ By Chebar’s stream or Tigris’ wave,  
“ The captive’s home, the captive’s grave,

“ Where Babylon’s proud turrets frowned,  
“ And willows sweep the humid ground.

“ Fate broods upon the Red Man’s darkened land ;  
“ His tribes are scattered by the ocean blast ;  
“ For the Great Spirit hath his arrows cast,  
“ Nor can the strong ones stay his mighty hand.

“ On ! to the set of sun,

“ Where other lands are won ;

“ The last, last hunting ground of all your race.

“ Ye must not dwell where those bright orbs arise

“ By day and night, alternate in the skies ;

“ But where the evening gray

“ Shadows the sleepy day,

“ And occidental sands your weary footsteps trace.

“ A dream came o’er me in my troubled sleep,

“ Whose very memory bids me wake and weep.

“ Borne upon pinions like the mountain bird,

“ A being not of earth,

“ Nor yet of mortal birth,

“ Swept through the air. I trembled as I heard

“ The deep’ning thunders to the Red Men come,

“ While muttered echoes spoke their awful doom !

“ ‘ Years, ages, times, shall pass away,  
“ ‘ And melt ye like the ocean’s spray !  
“ ‘ Pale faces shall your Sachems urge  
“ ‘ To the broad world’s remotest verge !

“ ‘ Fallen the dark forests of your rest :  
“ ‘ Cultured the earth above each breast :  
“ ‘ Your tribes, your names no longer known ;  
“ ‘ Upturned for aye your altar-stone.<sup>39</sup>

“ ‘ For retribution, full and dark,  
“ ‘ Th’ apostate sons of Irad mark !  
“ ‘ Tribes of a wandering heritage !  
“ ‘ Yet chosen, loved ; in former age  
    “ ‘ The adopted sons of Heaven !’—  
“ ‘ Thus low in my prophetic ear  
“ ‘ Sounds seldom heard methinks I hear,  
    “ ‘ In dark, mysterious accents given !

“ ‘ Yet to my soul, as clear, as bright  
    “ ‘ As summer sunlight o’er the wave  
“ ‘ Mirrored in calm and mellow light  
    “ ‘ Above the sleeping seaman’s grave !  
“ ‘ Who, who shall mark the Spirit’s path ?  
“ ‘ Who bide the lightning of his wrath ?



“ No more my failing visions find  
“ The past dark records of my kind ;  
“ Not e’en the curse that comes to all  
    “ The dastard sons of Europe’s race  
“ From out these withered lips shall fall ;  
    “ Nor can my hand their fiat trace ;  
“ Yet vengeance dire, with scorpion sting,  
“ And shame’s dark blush, shall ages bring !

“ But thou, the beautiful, the meek,  
“ Ere twenty summers fan thy cheek,<sup>40</sup>  
“ Shall in another clime appear ;  
“ The white man’s voice thy heart shall cheer.

“ His arm shall be thy trusting place,  
“ Far from thy sire, thy home, thy race,  
“ Till the Great Spirit call away  
“ Thy chastened soul to endless day !

“ There, where the breakers ceaseless roar,  
    “ And white sails glitter in the sun,<sup>41</sup>  
“ Upon a bleak and foreign shore  
    “ Thy feeble sands of life are run !

“ While bending o’er with dark despair,  
“ A loved one breathes a secret prayer ;

“ And gentle forms shall round thee keep  
“ Their nightly vigils, while they weep  
“ The young, the lovely, and the good,  
“ Swept darkly down time’s rapid flood.

“ From thy soft couch’s crimson fold,  
    “ As nestling like an unfledged bird,<sup>42</sup>  
“ Amid its cushions starred with gold,  
    “ An infant’s plaintive voice is heard ;

“ For ere the shadowy form thou bear  
“ Thy country claims its destined heir ;  
“ Since ’tis ordained, that none beside  
“ Who feels the Red Man’s sanguine tide  
    “ His bounding pulses thrill,  
“ In any era, time or age  
“ In this his ancient heritage,<sup>43</sup>  
    “ Shall camp or council fill.

“ For thy proud scions long shall stand  
“ The props and bulwarks of the land ;  
“ In counsel wise, in battle bold,  
    “ Till quenched yon orb of living fire ;  
“ Till moon and stars grow dim and old,  
    “ And even Nature’s self expire !

“ No more a wand’rer in this weary land,  
“ My spirit seeks for aye a purer home,  
“ Where my dead kindred, now a blessed band,  
“ ’Neath cloudless skies, ’mid ceaseless verdure roam.”

Calm and serene as summer morn,  
Ere yet the zephyr’s sigh is born,  
The aged Sibyl rose.  
Her head erect, her form elate,  
She seemed to mock at human fate,  
And triumph o’er its woes !

But scarce another moment passed ;  
Dark MANATOWA, ’twas thy last !  
Short was the hour of deadly strife  
That loosed the silvery cord of life !  
The golden bowl was broken there ;  
The fountain sealed of her despair !

A solemn awe was spread around,  
Unmingled with the lightest sound,  
Till old JAPAZAW rose.  
His bony frame was worn with care ;  
Dark was his brow, and stern his air  
’Neath eighty winters’ snows.

A sable bier he bade them spread  
To bear the venerable dead  
    To her last quiet sleep :  
And o'er her withered form to place  
Each treasured trophy of her race,<sup>44</sup>  
    For aye the shrine to keep.

Upon her aged bosom bare,  
The severed locks of thin gray hair  
    In mystic order laid ;  
To the dark Spirit of the tomb  
Who shrouds himself in deepest gloom  
    An offering fitly paid ;

With many a relic of her art,  
From generations set apart,  
    Or known in later day ;  
A vial's liquid treasure there,<sup>45</sup>  
With fang of reptile, claw of bear,  
    In mystical array.

No mass, no holy prayer was said  
O'er the mute presence of the dead ;<sup>46</sup>  
But issuing from their wigwams came  
Each noble sire and stately dame,  
    And maiden of the land.

Next marched the Braves of high degree,  
The pride of savage chivalry,  
A dark and fearful band.

The stranger maid, with tearful eye,  
Beheld this pomp and pageantry ;  
Nor for a time remembered e'er  
What lately filled her soul with fear.

All selfish feelings lulled to rest  
In MANATOWA's fate,  
The clust'ring sorrows of her breast,  
And e'en JAPAZAW's hate.

For secret councils had been held  
Of doubtful purpose, unrevealed ;  
And darkly cold each parent's look  
For slighted love of ARRAOOK.

While changed each brow of young and old,  
Since her high fate the Sibyl told ;  
And ill disguised 'neath flattery's spell  
The deep designs but formed too well ;  
What 'twas within their bosoms rose  
Of treacherous deed, let time disclose.

## BOOK IV.

## I.

## THE CAPTIVITY.

ARRIVING from a foreign shore,<sup>47</sup>  
Where mingled waters gladly pour  
    Their tribute to the main,  
A gallant vessel, gaily manned,  
By tides propelled, by breezes fanned,  
    Where'er the hope of gain.

Her snowy sails were unconfined,  
Her banners streaming in the wind,  
With "Rampant Lion" midway seen,  
The "Thistle" and the "Rose" between ;

While good St. George, that stalwart knight  
Who tamed the scaly Dragon's might,  
Rose high above in sable field,  
With "Gules" and "Or" around the shield.

But drooping, wan, as weeping there,  
The badge of Erin trailed along.  
(Famed for high deeds and beauty rare  
Is still that Emerald Isle of song.)

Oft had dissembling foes essayed  
To win within their hated toils  
The meek, yet noble Indian maid,  
To aid their cause and crown their spoils.

But POCAHONTAS, wise and good,  
Resisted every practised lure ;  
And 'mid the mazes of the wood,  
Alone and friendless felt secure ;

Till treachery again assailed,  
With promised pledge of friendly aid ;  
And old JAPAZAW thus prevailed  
Against the hapless Indian maid.

Mayhap the son, mayhap the sire,  
With vengeful spirit for the cause,  
And filled with hate or jealous ire,  
Trampled on hospitable laws.

How oft will stratagem succeed  
Where love and friendship might despair !  
And doubly treach'rous was the deed  
That whelmed a guest in woe and care.

How was thy spirit chafed, sweet maid,  
When, all deserted and forlorn,  
Thy confidence beguiled, betrayed,  
A prisoner thou in life's young morn !

Up the tall vessel's side they bore,  
With doubting heart yet dauntless eye ;  
Then artful, sought the beachen shore,  
While victim she of treachery !

When all secured the valued prize,  
The faithless ones themselves depart  
With feigned tears and practised sighs  
That seemed to rive the stricken heart.

Now, fore and aft, the willing hands  
The tightened canvass all unbind  
With skill, obey each loud command  
To fly before the rising wind.



To well known scenes they bend their way ;  
    Though poor the freight, how rich the prize  
They bore adown the widening bay,  
    Till James's beetling shores arise ;

Nor rest their labours for repose,  
As evening's sombre curtains close ;  
Though surges dash along the shore,  
And ebbing currents ceaseless roar.

The wily Captain of the crew  
    In vain essayed to calm the fear  
Of that bright girl, whose sorrows drew  
    From many an eye the sympathetic tear.

Now changed the word ! ARGAL commands,  
    Though short the course they have to run,  
To peak an anchor in the sands,  
    And there await another sun.

No cause assigned for such delay,  
    So late by word and deed denied.  
Some said that ere the close of day  
    A distant sail they had espied

Far out to seaward, where the wave  
Takes broader base and deeper hue ;  
Where billows wild the ramparts lave,  
And gleams the skies with purer blue.

That night, in calm unbroken sleep  
All lay, but such as vigils keep,  
And the sad maid who wakes to weep,  
Nor courted sweet repose.  
Her thoughts were on her native land ;  
Her own bright nymphs, a sunny band ;  
On fair Virginia's woody strand,  
Ere her dark days arose.

Nor knew the luckless pris'ner where  
Would stay her wanderings and despair ;  
What soothe her sadness and her care ;  
If on a foreign shore,  
Or in the grave where all may rest  
With green turf on each weary breast,  
Where fears nor evils e'er molest  
The sorrowing victim more.

But morn, in saffron mantle clad,  
Rose blushing from the laughing sea,

And wakened from their dreamings glad  
The wave-borne sons of revelry.

A ship, from Britain's glorious isle,  
That mighty empress of the sea,  
They cheer with many a welcome smile,  
As waves her pennon broad and free.

The full breeze oped her swelling sails ;  
Already on their lee she stands ;  
And, safe awhile from adverse gales,  
She hails the bark with outstretched hands.

Brief the exchange of courteous vows ;  
Full brief inquiries after home ;  
While hope with fear alternate throws  
Their lightning smile or sombre gloom.

And she,—the lone one, pris'ner still !  
O where is she, that high-souled maid !  
Who, trusting friendship's doubtful thrill,  
Was by deceitful wiles betrayed ?

She stood unseen. For round her there,  
Each felt his own exclusive joy :

Unbound and loose her raven hair,  
Which seemed to claim her full employ.

Ne'er bound by aught but wild-flower braid,  
It fell around her slender form,  
Like evening clouds of deepest shade,  
When touched by Phœbus' tintings warm.

Soft was her eye of magic light,  
In alternations meek or wild :  
Its kindling radiance sad or bright,  
As best befitting Nature's child.

The hue upon her downy cheek  
Was deeper than the damask rose :  
As oped her coral lips to speak,  
Woman's sweet, modest blush arose.

But when the blood, less eloquent,  
A change of feeling caught,  
Her noble brow reposing bent  
With lines of deepest thought.

Her beauteous form was motionless :  
Uncared for and alone  
She stood, like chiselled innocence,  
Or monument of stone !

Not long in idle gaze she stood,  
Before her eye some object caught,<sup>48</sup>  
Which, to the daughter of the wood,  
With life's best, dearest hopes seemed fraught.

Oh hope ! bright star of woman's love !  
When did thy silvery light expire !  
Not all those starry orbs above  
May kindle such a changeless fire.

Like the lone flower whose petals fade  
As doubtful of the sun's return,  
Is that sad heart which hope ne'er made  
Its favoured seat, its blissful throne !

The poet's inspiration tells  
Of fountains pure in every breast,  
Which with the sigh of memory swells  
Like the wild wave that knows no rest.

Thus, gentle maid, that painful thrill,  
That hidden, unrequited flame  
Glows in thine eye, thy senses fill,  
And burns thy sunny cheek with shame.

'Tis this that sends that florid dye  
To thy soft cheek ; thy heart revealing  
Some secret thought, some mystic tie,  
Thy bosom has been years concealing !

That stately bark, by Fate impelled  
To trust the ocean's heaving wave,  
Full many a gallant spirit held,  
All fearless of a watery grave.

Strangers to each ignoble thought,  
And born to guide some great emprise,  
With high chivalric feeling fraught,  
They seek renown 'neath milder skies.

Among them one, whose early youth  
Had been to cankering care betrayed ;  
Yet proud of innate worth and truth,  
And buoyed with hope, the voyage had made.

What was his name, and who his sire,  
Let the historic muse unfold.  
Enough that nought could e'er inspire  
His manly soul with thirst for gold.

Ambition may have lured him on,  
With El Dorado dreams of bliss,  
To seek a world so little known,  
And filled with scenes so fair as this.

On the thronged deck the stranger stood,  
But distant from the mingled tide ;  
Seeming absorbed in pensive mood,  
Regardless of the world beside.

His form was of the manliest mould,  
And full of courtly grace his air ;  
His auburn curls in ample fold  
Adorned a forehead high and fair.

His eyes were of that doubtful hue  
That's mirrored in the sleeping wave,  
When autumn winds the dark leaves strew  
To find for aye a watery grave.

Nor e'er did Phidian chisel trace,  
'Mid inspiration's raptured hour,  
A fairer specimen of grace,  
Of beauty and of mental power.

I said his look was downward cast,  
As watchful of the sportive wave;  
But when the pensive thought was past,  
To the glad scene that look he gave.

It rested, in its wanderings wild,  
Half sportive, half in sympathy,  
On nature's noblest forest child  
Whose eye beamed nought but purity.

Are there not looks and signs that bless  
The lonely spirit's wilderness?  
That to the fading hopes of life  
With transports every thrill is rife?  
The tell-tale eye that beams with love  
Kindled from mystic founts above?

And though the soul has never known  
The idol placed upon the throne,  
'Tis worshipped with as pure a zeal  
As life can in its morning feel.  
Bright hope! sweet confidence of youth,  
When the fresh heart is warm with truth!

In haste the stranger youth essayed  
To cheer the sad and lonely maid



Who seemed each shaft of wit to bear,  
While pity claimed no kindred share ;  
Till 'mid the crowd the hero pressed,  
While thoughts tumultuous filled his breast.

The modest mien, the gentle tone,  
The furtive glance, the rising sigh,  
Told woman's feeling all her own ;  
Her own the bond of sympathy.

Recalled was every idle joy,  
Each whispered hope and cherished thought  
That filled her soul without alloy,  
When life's gay morn with bliss was fraught ;

When cherished was young love the while,  
Cradled within her bosom's core,  
Since wrecked upon the lonely Isle  
And wandering on its sea-girt shore,  
She found the gem of priceless worth,  
Bright impress of a reas'ning mind ;  
And deemed it not a thing of earth,  
But to a higher sphere confined.

And now, before the wond'ring maid,  
That very form in life and light

Stood, as by magic skill portrayed,  
With brow as fair, and eye as bright !

Short courtesy is asked or given  
By one unused to civil rules.  
Affection is the gift of Heaven,  
While cold distrust is taught in schools.

## III.

## THE LANDING.

LIKE sister swans the vessels move  
O'er the still bosom of the tide ;  
Or like two coursers fondly rove  
Mid summer pastures side by side ;

Then, winding round with heedful sweep  
Through the deep channel far from shore ;  
Till past each danger of the deep,  
And wind and storm is feared no more.

Here rest they in the ample cove,  
And lash their moorings fast to land ;  
While oft the ready pledge of love  
Is quickly passed from hand to hand.

All gain the town with nimble feet  
To tell the tale of homefelt joys ;  
While severed kindred kindred greet,  
And mothers clasp their truant boys.

Who shrinks abashed with glowing brow  
From the rude gazers passing by,  
And meets, not sad and lonely now,  
The late-found seal of sympathy?

Know ye the maid of noble mien,  
And eye of soft bewitching smile?  
The forest's solitary Queen,  
The exile of the lonely Isle?

That Isle to memory's soul how dear!  
How mingled with life's fears and joys!  
Opening the fount of woman's tears  
Which brighter vision oft destroys.

Within her simple garb concealed,  
Close to that heart whose throb was truth,  
But ne'er to mortal eye revealed,  
Lay shrined the image of a youth

Whose impress with unchanging power  
Was graved forever on a heart,  
Which, like the fragrant eastern flower,  
Grew stronger, pierced with love's own dart,

In glad surprise the noble youth  
Marked the soft beamings of that eye ;  
The index of a soul of truth  
And all-enduring constancy.

Yet the strange cause was still concealed ;  
Until by chance the guileless maid  
The secret of her soul revealed,  
And its loved image once displayed.

Then many a reminiscence came,  
Mingled with shadows of the past ;  
Till, quick as light from bursting flame,  
The problem strange was solved at last.

Then list the tale, and doubt it not ;  
For from the forest-stores it came  
Of legends wild almost forgot,  
Yet claiming still a legend's name.

When the last convoy from afar  
Sailed for Virginia's hostile strand,  
Content to join in savage war,  
Young ROLFE embraced the gallant band.

But ere the canvass was unfurled  
To waft them to the western world,  
A summons from his mother came  
That bade him fly the lists of fame.  
“The quiver of the mighty king  
“Whose arrow bears a secret sting,  
“Hovers,” she said, “with doubtful strife  
“O’er a loved parent’s valued life.”  
A widow she, how could she bear  
The absence of her only heir !

His gentle sisters, graces three,  
Wept his resolve to trust the sea ;  
And all his loved ones ceaseless mourn  
Lest the frail bark should ne’er return.

This missile of maternal love  
Checked in the midst his high resolve ;  
And used to duty’s lenient sway,  
He hastened from the ship away,  
Lest, ere he reached his ancient home,  
The upreared dart might darkly come.

No further could his memory go.  
Some treach’rous friend or secret foe

Purloined no doubt the gem of cost  
He deemed in haste mislaid or lost.

His mother's anguish who may tell,  
For that prized image loved so well ?  
His father's gift of youthful pride  
When first he won his lovely bride :  
And well delineated there  
The semblance of his noble heir.

The same in every manly grace ;  
The same in feature and in face :  
And well a mother's eye might find  
Resemblance in the nervous mind.

This double relic lost fore'er,  
What could restrain the starting tear ?  
And what restore the gem again  
But voy'ging o'er the western main ;  
If yet a hope remained to trace  
The embalmed image of a face  
Seven widowed winters ne'er forgot,  
Since mourned her solitary lot.  
Like war-horse at the trumpet's blast ;  
Like bridegroom when the plight has past ;

Like the young mother's golden joy  
When first she clasps her cherub boy ;—

Like straying moonbeams gently stealing  
Each dew-gem on the rose revealing,—  
To his glad soul that summons came  
Which bade him seek the lists of fame :  
And eke restore the valued prize  
To his loved mother's anxious eyes.

Not long his darling hope deferred.  
The vessel launched ; the breezes stirred ;  
A fond farewell ; a struggling sigh ;  
A tear, ere yet the fount was dry,  
Or fate had twined a dearer tie.

The sequel stands on history's page,  
A record true from age to age ;<sup>49</sup>  
How valour, wisdom, grace and truth  
Won the dark maiden's spotless youth ;  
And how from heathen darkness turned,  
Her soul with Christian fervour burned.<sup>50</sup>

Mysterious Faith ! which, practised still,  
Conforms to right the rebel will ;



Directs on high the chastened soul,  
And brings it to the wished-for goal.

What startling forms of truth appear,  
Confirming every doubtful thing !  
The treasures of the new-born year ;  
The daisy on the lap of spring ;  
The full-blown rose that summer yields ;  
The harvest of autumnal fields ;  
And e'en the leaf that winter seres,  
Buoys up our hopes, dispels our fears.

The birds that carol in the grove  
In warblings wild of Nature's love,  
In her own language bear their part  
Of mute instruction to the heart ;  
Or told in whisperings undefined,  
Save to the moralizing mind ;—  
Which says, " Though dead we live again  
Beneath the quick'ning Spirit's reign."

The spring shall burst dread winter's chain,  
And birds and flowers be free again.  
Though stript of leaves the trees remain,  
When summer comes they'll bloom again.

If fetters bind the icy main,  
The sun shall set it free again,  
When from his wand'ring, devious track  
He comes with strength and gladness back.

Yet there are joys that ne'er return,  
That bid the unbent spirit mourn.  
Feelings and hopes of life's young day,  
Rent with its spring-time all away ;

Thoughts, tender thoughts, indulged in vain ;  
Passed never to return again !  
Hopes of young being crushed forever !  
May they be here again ? Ah ! never !

Yet there are joys for every age  
Impressed on memory's glowing page :  
They tell of pleasures past and o'er,  
But still retained in memory's store.  
Though faded, oft these visions seem  
Like mystic shadows in a dream.

But turn we to our tale once more,  
From which we've wandered o'er and o'er  
To speak of other things, that ne'er  
Can sound too oft in human ear ;

Since with them we would bring the balm  
That heals the soul—religion's calm ;  
The holy precept of the wise ;  
The heart's best, purest sacrifice,  
Such as the Indian maiden chose  
To light her path, to soothe her woes,  
When at the cross she bowed her down,  
And gave her earthly hopes to win a heavenly  
crown.

## I V.

## POCAHONTAS' BAPTISM.

WILD was the scene, and hushed to calm repose ;  
From the dense crowd no thoughtless murmurs rose.<sup>51</sup>  
The very winds seemed voiceless as they swept  
The trackless wastes where pristine beauty slept.

The billowy wave forgot its angry swell ;  
Untuned the lullaby of Ocean's shell.  
No diapason deep from turret high,  
Nor choir nor organ lent their minstrelsy ;

While lowly bending at the altar-stone,  
Alone in seeming, not in heart alone,  
The bright girl knelt, bathed in repentant tears—  
Connecting link between two hemispheres.<sup>52</sup>

Before the chancel, congregated there  
To mingle hopes of earth with Heaven's own prayer,  
Full many an exile from his distant home  
By av'rice or ambition lured, had come ;

The Knight, in blazonry of pomp and power ;  
The gentle Page, won from his lady's bower ;  
And Squires, whose gilded spurs in embryo seem  
The El Dorado of a blissful dream.

Nor these alone the sacred walls enclose.  
Girt were their numbers by a host of foes ;  
For the swart denizens of forest shade  
With doubtful eye the busy scene surveyed,  
And 'mid these pageantries their stations held,  
Still as the sculptured monuments of eld ;  
Awless, nor wondering at the mystic sign,<sup>53</sup>  
Though all unknown its origin divine :

That seal of Faith, that signature of Heaven  
To a lost world in boundless mercy given ;  
The promised charter of the holiest love  
By angels sounded in Judea's grove,  
When Bethlehem's wonder dawned upon the sight,  
And glory's beaming star first heralded its light !

Then burst in solemn notes the anthem's swell,  
Returned by Echo from her wave-girt shell ;  
And rose in unison sublime and high,  
Responsive voices, filling earth and sky,

To HIM who marks the vollied lightning's path ;  
O'erturning nations in His quenchless wrath ;  
Or, in sweet mercy, attribute of Heaven,  
Stays with the Seraph's touch the flying levin.

The holy type of Christian love was given ;  
The heart's deep vow was registered in heaven ;  
The prayer of faith in sweet accordance came ;  
Its incense mingling with the altar's flame.

Sublime in youth and hope the aspirant stood,  
Nature's untutored child, late tenant of the wood ;  
Her dark hair floating on the summer wind,  
And loose her robe no art had taught to bind.

But who is that with eye and brow serene,  
Of swarter visage than the forest Queen ?  
Does heavenly grace its holy light reveal,  
Or bears his bosom but the stoic's zeal ?  
Pride of his race where lofty courage stands ;  
The test of virtue in his own bright lands ?

He marks with gaze intent and thoughtful eye,  
That bold hierophant, the legate of the sky ;  
Yet heeds he not those elements sublime,  
Symbols of hope that triumph over time.

The hallowed rites of Christian faith were done,  
Ere to the cloudless zenith rose the sun.  
For what remained did future time suffice  
To bind the bound in heaven by man's device ;  
For wisdom urged to seek a calmer hour,  
Free from the inroads of a hostile power ;  
Since who may tell, when angry feuds increase,  
What charm may lull the wounded soul to peace ?

## BOOK V.

## I.

## THE MARRIAGE AND DEPARTURE OF POCAHONTAS.

THAT balmy eve, within a trellised bower,  
Rudely constructed on the sounding shore,  
Her plighted troth the forest maiden gave  
Ere sought the skiff that bore them o'er the wave  
To the dark home-bound ship, whose restless sway  
Rocked to the winds and waves, impatient of delay.

For such the plan for Britain's Isle to sail  
With ready convoy, waiting for the gale ;  
Her pennons set ; hope glancing from each eye,  
As nearer bound the lately severed tie.

Months had rolled round since POCAHONTAS o'er  
The billowy wave had reached her natal shore ;  
Leaving JAPAZAW and his treach'rous band  
On far Potomac's still unconquered strand.



The lovely Princess, freed from captive chain,  
Might rove her treasured woodlands o'er again,  
But that a link was added to its length  
That tethered more by gentleness than strength ;  
A silken cord it seemed, by love designed,  
Leaving the limbs less fettered than the mind.

With this content she whiled the hours away,  
Waiting the promised chrism and bridal day ;  
In mental power not unprepared to show  
The fitting reasons of a double vow.

Her aged father led a cheerless life,  
Sometimes in purchased peace, sometimes in strife,  
While she in Jamestown's rural fortress stayed,  
By adverse seasons for a time delayed ;  
And fearful still to tempt the savage wild  
Though nurtured there, the forest's gentlest child.

Doubtful of faith, e'en in her father's halls ;  
Since doubtful, nature's most resistless calls ;  
From scattered tribes, pursued for lust of gain  
From the blue mountains to the heaving main.

Now withering Winter with the iron brow,  
Spread o'er the earth his panoply of snow.

And not till zephyrs break the icy charm,  
And genial summer came with breathings warm,  
Could the tall ships their moorings all unbind,  
And give their flowing canvass to the wind.

That time arrived. The stately convoy stood,  
Reflected from the bosom of the flood,  
In all the pride of civilized control  
Which rising commerce gave from pole to pole.

Then came the hour which claimed the twofold vow,  
The bright cross typed upon the wreathed brow  
Of bridal hope ; symbols of Faith and Love,  
United here on earth, and blending oft above.

Short was the word that pledged triumphant love ;  
That vow, that claims its registry above.  
And low the cadence of that hymn of praise  
Whose hallowed incense rose, as rose its lays :  
And few the worshippers 'neath that pure cope  
Which emblems to the soul immortal hope.

One native maiden waited the command  
Of the young Princess of Virginia's strand ;  
And that dark youth, the Page of Cedar Isle,  
Who wept her woes, and shared her sad exile,

With his loved bride, who owned the royal blood,  
And near the forest Queen majestically stood.

Some others bent beside the rural shrine  
In adoration to the Power divine ;  
When at the altar knelt, with minds serene,  
The gallant Soldier and the dark-browed Queen.

These, for the love they bore her guileless youth,  
Paid the high fealty of the warm heart's truth ;  
And with its homage satisfied, gave o'er  
Each vision bright that graced their natal shore.

Those, with forebodings dread and brimful eyes,  
Bade holy angels guard the destinies  
Of one on whom had fallen the chrism of light  
With unction pure ; the youthful neophyte  
Of that fair clime where millions yet unborn  
Shall raise the choral hymn from eve till morn.

When passed the word, that thrilling word—Farewell !  
Whose Upas blight full many a heart may tell,  
They part. For stronger ties, ne'er urged in vain,  
Forbade the dangers of the heaving main.

## II.

## AN UNLOOKED-FOR ADVENTURE.

CLOSE by a promontory's beetling side,  
Where the rude surge impels the flowing tide,  
A spacious cavern intercepts the spray,  
And bears the waves' wild murmurs far away.

Within its ragged sides a fearful band  
Lay couched in ambush, waiting the command  
Of that high chief whose fiery wrath had ne'er  
Subdued or chastened been by shame or fear;  
Though age had chilled his blood, and one might trace  
The deepened lines of thought in that dark face;  
And growing care, where once the saddened brow  
A pensive shadow cast, was darker, gloomier now.

Within this cave, yclept the "Regicide's,"  
With mingled feelings POWHATAN abides  
One weary day of doubts and mental strife.  
Too often these the records of a life,  
When passion rages with supreme control,  
Quenching the light of reason in the soul.

Heedless of peril from the rising flood ;  
Prepared to bathe the dewy sands with blood ;  
To dictate terms of peace to parting foe,  
Ere to the home-bound fleet he bade them go,  
Th' impatient Sachem and his savage bands  
Dare the unequal fight with impious hands,—  
Deeming a bloody bier more fitting place  
For the high daughter of a kingly race,  
Than fly the heritage by birth her own,  
And mate unequally without a crown,  
Though her espoused were England's noblest son.

Long had the Indian Princess sought to gain  
Her Father's confidence, but sought in vain.  
Her embassies gained nought but scorn or wrath,  
Implying danger 'mid the forest path.

Nursing his rage, the aged Sagamore  
Refused the proffered homage o'er and o'er ;  
And arrogantly deemed that Nature's fire  
At will might burn, or at one breath expire ;  
Or that his harshness to the gentle dame  
A deeper love and reverence might claim.

Resolving still to gain by hostile laws,  
A child estranged by more than common cause,

He sought at morning's dawn that rugged cave,  
Secured by ebb tide from the rising wave.

Not late in evening's gloom the bridal train  
In musing mood retraced their steps again  
To join the waiting barge, which idly lay  
Concealed within the cove, impatient of delay ;

When from the yawning gulf a legion rose  
Prepared as if to meet a host of foes !  
Dire was the yell that sounded wildly o'er,  
Awaking echo on the adverse shore !  
The very Isle possessed by Demons seems,  
Or the dark phantasies of fevered dreams !

One shriek of horror POCAHONTAS gave !  
One prayer to heaven her loved lord to save !  
Then knelt in suppliant posture to her sire,  
To stay his arm and quench his vengeful ire.

Timely the prayer ;—a club, descending low  
In the firm grasp of OPEKANKANO,  
Was stayed at once by POWHATAN's command,  
Then fell all guiltless on the yielding sand ;  
Else had the blood of gallant ROLFE repaid  
His warm devotion to the dark-eyed maid !

But love and pity touched her father's breast,  
Whose arms her helpless infancy caressed ;  
And changed that mood of savage vengeance wild  
To filial feelings soft for ILA's child.

Then oft the Sachem urged that child in vain  
To stay her wanderings o'er the stormy main ;  
Safe at his court forever to reside,  
And for paternal love resign all else beside :  
In some wild dell her constant love to prove,  
And dwell contented with the man she loved.

But her new duties, fitly understood,  
Doubting her present power of doing good,  
She stood unmoved, resisting every lure,  
But what might mutual benefit insure.

Firm as a rock of adamantine force,  
Yet gentle as the winding streamlet's course,  
With flowing tears she parried every art ;  
Yet prayed her sire in love and peace to part.

The savage monarch felt a parent's woe  
In bitter anguish, as he bade them go  
Where duty called—far o'er the western sea :

Again to meet, when from invaders free,  
His own bright empire disenthralled should be.

One brawny arm around his weeping child  
In love reposed, whilst with an accent wild  
He asked of Him who rules below, above,  
That mighty Spirit, whose first law is love,  
To bless with ceaseless good or chastened ire,  
The Christian daughter of a heathen sire !  
And bring her safely o'er the bounding main  
To bless his aged eyes and peaceful reign,  
Ere to that land of shadows he depart,  
Where roams the elk unmindful of the dart ;<sup>54</sup>  
Where the dark wolf and bear shall prowl in vain,  
Those fell marauders of the wood and plain ;  
Where the meek hare its timid starts forego,  
Nor fear in every bush a lurking foe.

Then to their forest homes the savage host  
In peace retired, far from the billowy coast.



## III.

## THE EMBARCATION AND VOYAGE.

THE morning dawned as gay, as pure, as bright  
As when on being's youth it poured its light,  
Waking from rosy rest that happy pair  
Who dwelt in tranquil Eden's garden fair ;  
When the loud chorus of the spheres began  
To teach their symphonies to perfect man,  
Ere yet the seal of crime had stamped his brow,  
Anticipating Cain's dark fate below ;  
Or the loud fiat of the law was hurled  
Which wrapped in ruin dire a mighty world !

The stately ship unmoored, her bright keel gave  
To meet the foam and plough the glassy wave.  
Fresh was the breeze that bade the canvass flow,  
Yet soft the murmuring wave that swept below.

Buoyed was each spirit with the hope of rest,  
That halcyon hope which lurks in every breast,

Safe from the perils of the deep to lie ;  
Safe from the storms that threaten earth and sky ;  
Safe from the hurricanes of moral woe ;  
And safe from every care that waits below.  
In safety too when life's dark voyage is o'er,  
From dangers freed, to find a blissful shore  
Where the full chalice may be pledged in joy,  
Ere the rude hand its promised sweets destroy,  
Mixing each dark ingredient of his fate,  
Remorseless anger or relentless hate,  
With all the catalogue of woes which bear  
Too strict analogy with being's heir !

As the bark swept along in strength and pride,  
The graceful consort sailing at her side,  
Ere yet the wrathful tempest's dreaded force  
Drove her far off the known but devious course,  
The Christian matron, erst the forest maid,  
In simplest costume of the times arrayed,  
Sat on the deck, and gazed with wondering eyes  
At the new forms of Nature's mysteries :  
The distant sea ; the almost cloudless sky ;  
The playful surge that swept all gently by ;  
The mighty fabric as she towered along ;  
And the shrill echo of the sea-bird's song.

Then changed her mood, and contemplation's key  
Unlocked the secret stores of memory.  
Full many a gem of thought I ween was there,  
From hope's seraphic touch to dark despair ;  
Since both had alternated in a life  
Chequered with good, yet oft with evil rife.

The gilded halo of enraptured youth,  
When the pure bosom holds the lamp of truth,  
But turns with all the horrors of despair  
From her bright mirror, as reflected there  
The evil passions of the soul arise  
Discordant, dread, a Moloch sacrifice !

Her mother's image 'mid these visions came ;  
The same meek smile ; that gentle look the same  
As when amid th' uncultivated wild  
She taught from Nature's book her docile child.  
In quick succession each remembrance grew,  
That lent its bliss when life itself was new ;  
And last, not least, the little urchin's wile  
That won her maiden heart on Cedar Isle.

All these and more the unpractised girl displays  
To the fond, trusted partner of her days ;

And held aloft that talisman of love,  
Blessing the Isle, the beach, the shady grove ;  
But most of all the partner of her woes,  
The youthful Page, through whom her bliss arose.

He, as his station called, was at her side,  
The kind attendant of the youthful bride,  
Prompt to obey the still unwhispered thought,  
By art or instinct from her glances caught.

Full many a joyful day upon the wave,  
Though long the voyage, sweet contentment gave.  
But when did mortal joys quite smoothly run  
Since in the glowing ether blazed the sun,  
Paling with lustre bright each twinkling star  
That holds its lamp to other worlds afar ?

One lurid morn, ere yet the perfect day  
Rose from the east in beautiful array,  
The low, shrill whistle of the watchman given  
Portends a coming storm. The angry heaven  
Lowered like a pall ; while elemental wrath  
Poured wildly on before the vessel's path.

The word was given to make all things secure,  
And bide with firmness what they must endure ;

Whilst all prepared to meet their awful doom,  
To sink untimely to a watery tomb!

Our youthful Heroine undismayed arose  
From the soft couch which seemed to court repose,  
And sought with high resolve the stirring scene,  
With steadfast faith and with a brow serene.

Supported by the arm of him she loved,  
With slow, majestic, Queenly step she moved;  
Yet more she trusted in a higher Power  
Who lists the call of fear in danger's hour.

The intrepid girl still gazed upon the rack  
Of driving clouds by adverse winds thrown back;  
Encouraging her timid train, she stood  
Like a young Naiad rising from the flood.

Wild was the scene, impressive and sublime,  
Seeming to threat the bounds of ancient time;  
And like the Angel of Destruction come  
To speak amid the storm Earth's closing doom.

E'en like a shrivelled scroll the angry heaven  
Rolled off its murky clouds by tempests riven;

While other volumes in succession rise,  
Spreading a midnight darkness o'er the skies,  
Lit but at intervals by fearful flash  
Of vollied lightnings 'mid the thunder's crash !

Dread was the scene where cloud o'er cloud arose  
Like waving banners of contending foes !  
The lightning's glare, with bursting bolt on high,  
Came oft horrific from the lurid sky ;  
Seeming like mighty armies battling bold,  
While the deep ordnance higher victories told.

The stormy petrel soared on tireless wing  
In mad gyrations through the boundless waste.  
The stubborn spars like yielding branches spring ;  
And o'er old Ocean's brow a solemn gloom was cast.

On the tall vessel's side the Princess stood  
Watching the clouds like garments rolled in blood ;  
While close and closer to his manly breast  
His fearless bride the dauntless soldier pressed ;  
Nor thought of danger from the bursting levin,  
As sought his chastened soul the help of Heaven.

When spent the fury of that stormy day,  
The leaden clouds by winds were swept away ;

The heaving billows ceased their angry swell,  
Though moaned at intervals the ocean's shell.  
The joyous sun from high meridian poured,  
And nature seemed to sudden bliss restored.

The ship careering 'fore a prosperous gale,  
Spread high the torn and saturated sail ;  
And like an arrow from the polished yew,  
On to her destined port resistless flew.

Short was the voyage, since now the tempest's sway  
Urged her no more from the directest way ;  
Till full of hope, the toiling seamen's eyes  
Saw England's chalky cliffs before them rise.

Another dawn beheld them safely moored  
With chain and cable to the wharf secured ;  
When from her hollow sides the happy throng  
Passed from the ship to safer homes along.

High throbbed the bosom of the forest Queen,  
While shone her brow with confidence serene,  
As from the vessel's dark and beetling side  
She passed with him, her loved and only guide,

In a strange land where her own swarthy race  
Had ne'er before found home or resting-place ;  
Though now those loved companions of her youth,  
Endeared by toils, by sympathies and truth,  
Found a sure refuge from their country's strife  
Till fate should end her own now peaceful life.

Her grateful soul uplift to bounteous Heaven  
For the late blessings in its mercy given,  
She seemed like him, the patriarch of eld,  
When stayed the flood that young Creation veiled,  
And on the solid ground, from dangers free,  
Adored that Power who calms the raging sea ;  
To its own haven sends the wave-tossed bark,  
Safe with its inmates, like the Prophet's ark ;  
The dove of peace still hovering o'er its prow,  
To soothe the chastened soul that wept below.

Like him the altar her meek bosom bore,  
And consecrate upon a foreign shore ;  
Her heart was filled with hope ; her forehead sealed  
With that best sign by Deity revealed.

Accomplished is my task, since legends none  
From the vast wreck has ever yet been won



Of all the wondrous chances that befell  
The Indian Princess on a foreign shore.  
Of these the immortal records proudly tell,  
Nor can the willing muse aspire to more.  
Enough to point to the historic page  
Where the bold impress stands for every age.<sup>55</sup>

## IV.

## THE CONCLUSION.

YEARS have rolled down their mighty streams ;  
Yet Time, that aged watchman, seems  
As tireless on his rapid wing  
As when Creation's blissful spring  
    First heralded his way.  
Keen is his scythe, and bare his brow,  
Whitened by many a winter's snow,  
    And many a weary day.

But what the changes that befell  
The things of earth : ah ! who may tell ?  
    Their hope, their joy, their grief !  
Of human woe, of human weal,  
Of careless hearts and souls of zeal,  
    Sered like the autumn leaf !

Of young affections prone to trust  
Till mingled with their parent dust !

Of broken hearts, and broken vows,  
Fleeting and false as tropic snows  
Which vanish in an hour!  
But what, alas! is beings' sway?  
Still is their doom, "passing away,"  
And changeful still their power!

On a tall rock by tempests riven  
Or by the fiery bolt of heaven,  
Where Ocean in its angry sway  
Murmured its wailings night and day,  
A lonely Indian sat;  
Bare was his aged brow, save where  
The thin dark spires of raven hair,  
Or plume of towering eagle rose  
To mock his fate and eke his woes;—  
Poor wanderer of fate!

To the bright west he turned his eyes,  
Where, glowing with resplendent dyes,  
And sinking 'neath the evening skies,  
Gave promise sure again to rise,  
The glorious orb of day,—  
A type of man,—his pride and power,—  
Death his repose, the grave his dower;

But promised still a fairer dawn,  
The coming resurrection morn,  
    When all have passed away.  
And then shall come at trumpet's blast  
The old, the young, the first, the last,  
    In mystical array !

On that high Rock whose awful form  
Defies the lightning and the storm  
    O be my refuge sure :  
Safe from the sevenfold tempest's wrath ;  
Safe from the dark avenger's path ;  
    In Christian faith secure.

But wandering, moralizing still,  
Desiring good, yet fearing ill,  
    The mind unpractised flies  
From worldly cares and worldly views,  
And oft some darkling thought pursues,  
    Deep wrapt in mysteries.

Yet let me pause before I trace  
The sunken cheek, the care-worn face  
    Of that lone Indian man,

Whose days were "like a tale that's told ;"  
Though seeming weary, wan and old,  
His being scarce a span !

The sun had passed the zenith far,  
To westward sped his tireless way ;  
Nor gleamed a single distant star  
Upon the closing eye of day,  
When on that promontory's steep  
The poor wayfarer came to weep.

He came far o'er the ocean wave  
To seek at home a kindred grave ;  
But where that home none live to tell.  
The forest where he loved to dwell ;  
The friends of childhood, loved so well ;  
May he behold them ? Never !  
Crushed were his hopes of earth ; but Heaven  
Had to his soul a promise given,  
That when life's fleeting hour was past,  
A peaceful haven won at last,  
Joy would be his forever.

How many days of added hope  
Beneath the clear and starry scope ;

How many suns had sunk to rest,  
Gilding the ocean's wavy crest,  
    Fulfilling each his plan,  
Since he to other climes had been ;  
The world in every form had seen ;  
Yet came this truth of truths, I ween,  
    REPOSE IS NOT FOR MAN.

He with the gentle Queen to roam,  
    Far o'er the broad Atlantic sailed ;  
Nor sought again his own wild home,  
Till many a withering thought had come,  
    And every hope had failed !

That forest Queen, ah ! where was she ?  
    And where the choice his own heart gave ?  
And that young maiden wild and free  
    Who passed fore'er the stormy wave ?

Long, long within their narrow graves,  
    Where earthly ills no more molest ;  
Where the tall grass in silence waves  
    Unheeded o'er each peaceful breast,

They'd slept ; while nothing now remained  
    His dreary pilgrimage to cheer,

But one fond hope. One being claimed  
Devotion's trust, devotion's tear !

This treasure of his withered heart,  
This star upon life's stormy sea,  
That claimed of every thought a part—  
In every sigh a sympathy,

Was the fair boy, whose wailings wild  
His kindred tribes had never heard ;  
The noble POCAHONTAS' child ;  
The forest Monarch's unfledged bird !

And he, that mighty monarch, lay  
Like her beneath the grassy sod :  
His proudest chieftains far away,  
The western regions darkly trod.

And e'en the lonely wand'rer's race  
Had passed to lands he knew not where !  
Nor could his eye one vestige trace  
Of their loved homes once bright and fair !

Changed was each scene his boyhood knew ;  
Each spot he traversed as a man ;

His fav'rite walk, where wild flowers grew,  
Usurped by civilization's plan.  
E'en on the buoyant wave was seen  
The free white sails of industry,  
Where late the savage boats had been  
Careering on in revelry.

But who this Pilgrim of the wild;  
Dark relic of another age?  
'Twas the bright youth of Cedar Isle;  
MATOA's honoured, trusted Page!

To distant climes he journeyed far,  
Led by his fealty, zeal and truth;  
But dimmed was now each radiant star  
That lighted up his ardent youth.

His country claimed one sad farewell!  
His throneless prince one added sigh!  
His own dark fate no legends tell  
But this: "He wandered here to die!"

For on that beetling rock he stayed,  
His eyes o'er aged ocean cast;

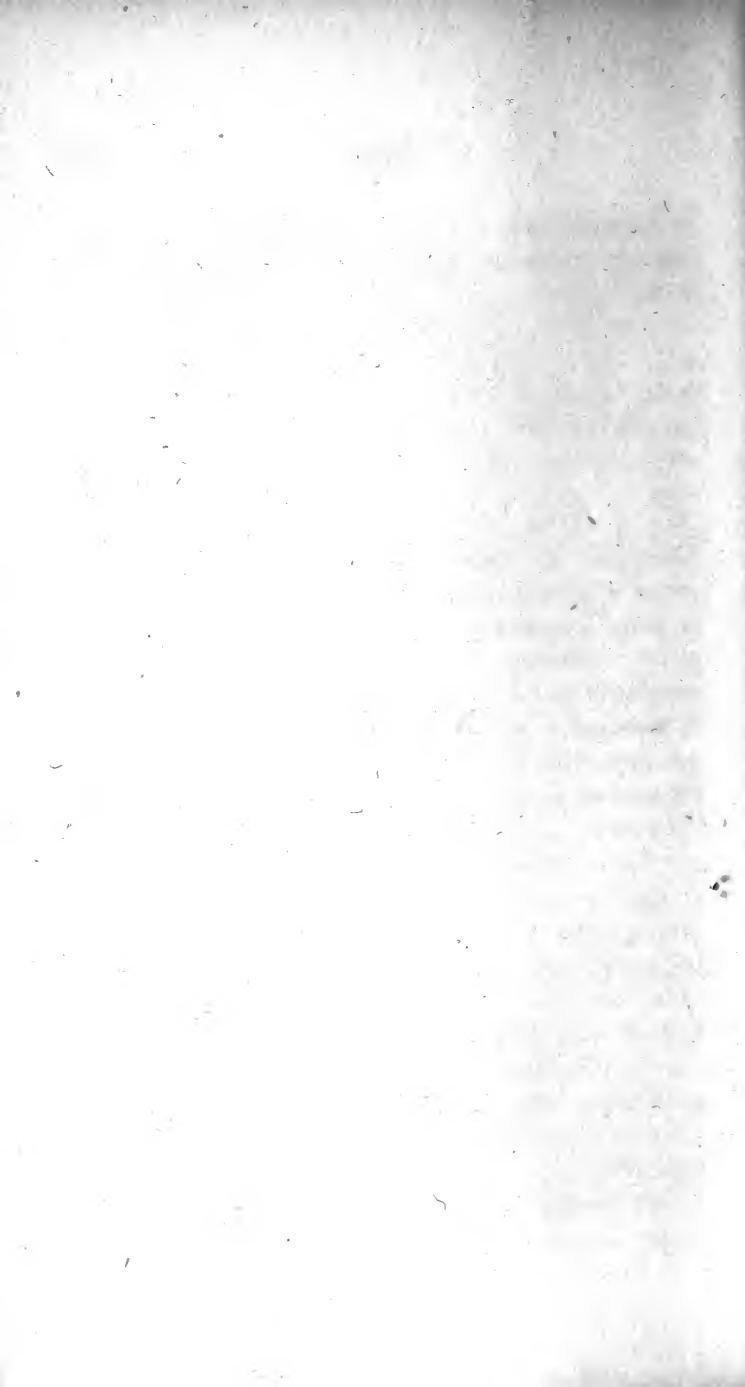


And, as the sun's bright disk delayed  
To sink 'neath hues his brightness made,  
Brief glance he gave : it was his last,  
Ere to the forest's gloom he passed.

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## NOTES.



## NOTES.

THAT the continent of America was discovered long before the fourteenth century, and some colonies planted therein, there can be no doubt; although the accounts given by Malgro and Brandon are as wild and chimerical as any Eastern fable, or the stories related by Homer and Hesiod, whose fertile imaginations peopled the earth with heroes and demi-gods who were not even denied social intercourse with the superior deities of Olympus.

“These writers,” says Smith, “are unworthy the confidence reposed in historians who at all times observe a degree of truth which can alone entitle them to credit.” And when summing up the accredited evidence on this subject at the period his history was written,—about the year 1620—he remarks that “those persons who say they were in North America one thousand years ago, is much the same as the visit of the Friar of Lynn, that by his black art went to the North Pole in the year 1360.”—*Smith's History of Virginia*.

The chronicles of Wales report that Madok, son to Owen Quinteth, Prince of that country, seeing his two

brothers debating who should inherit the kingdom of their father, prepared several ships with men and munition, and left his country in search of adventures by sea. Leaving Ireland on the north, he sailed west until he came to a land unknown.

Returning home and relating what a pleasant and fruitful country he had found, and setting forth the poverty of his own land, for which his kindred murdered one another, he procured other ships, and prevailing on many men and women to accompany him, he proceeded to this new land, where he arrived in 1170. Here he left these people and returned for more. Where this place was, no history can show; but it is generally believed to be the American continent.

“The Spaniards say that Hanno, Prince of Carthage, was the first who arrived in the western hemisphere;” and in Delafield’s *Antiquities of America*, he certainly sanctions the belief that this country was peopled by emigrants from Asia or Africa, and perhaps both.

“Sir Martin Frobisher was sent in the year 1576, by our most gracious Queen, Elizabeth, to search for a Northwestern Passage and Meta Incognita;” and for his wonderful successes was knighted and otherwise well rewarded.

“John Cabot was employed by King Henry VII., and found this continent before Columbus, in 1497.”

“In 1535, Captain Amidas was sent to discover the coast of Florida.”—*Smith’s Hist. of Virginia*.

In his third volume of English voyages, Mr. Hacklitt mentions large plantations settled in this country in the sixteenth century.

Sir Walter Raleigh visited Virginia in 1583, planted a colony in a part of it now called North Carolina, and named the whole country between the 34th and 45th degrees of north latitude Virginia, in honour of the virgin Queen, Elizabeth. This country was before called Wingandocoa. This gentleman, remarking on the dress and manners of the natives, says, "their women were modest and clothed with decency. The chieftains and their wives have a band of white coral on their foreheads, and in their ears they wear bracelets and other ornaments, made of pearl, very long, and of the bigness of great peas. From them we obtained strings of white and red coral and strings of pearls. Nothing could exceed the kindness of these people."—*Sir Walter Raleigh's Voyages.*

"In 1586," says Smith, "Sir Walter returned to look after the colony. Not finding any traces of it, after a diligent search he returned to England. Not many days after his departure, Sir Richard Grenville, with three ships well appointed, arrived there, who, not finding the ship according to his expectations, and hearing no news of the colony left there a few years before, finding the place abandoned, and unwilling to lose so valuable a possession, landed fifty men on the island of Roanoke with provisions for two years."

"In the year 1606, Captain Smith, Bartholomew Gosnell, and many others, after a tedious voyage, entered the river of Powhatan; and after establishing themselves on the island of Jamestown, some fifty miles from its mouth, left the colony; and twenty of the men commanded by Captain Smith, a man renowned for his

bravery and adventurous spirit, ascended the river as far as the falls, where the city of Richmond now stands. In this expedition they visited Powhatan, the principal Chief or Emperor of this country. His town, situated pleasantly on a hill, consisted of twelve houses ; in front of which were three little islets, a short distance from the spot, but below where Richmond now stands.”—(See Burk’s History of Virginia, Smith’s do. and others, on this highly interesting subject.)

The early scenes of this Poem are laid in and about this place ; and the time of its enactment commences some thirteen years prior to the time of the discovery above spoken of.

Note 1, page 16.

*The Wife.*

As it may be expected, there is much of imaginary matter mingled with historical truth in this legend ; the early scenes of which are chiefly placed near the present location of the city of Richmond, below the falls of her beautiful and scenic river.

The residence of Powhatan, the mighty Emperor of that country, whose land-marks are lost in the lapse of ages, doubtless lay in this whereabouts ; and the surrounding country, as well as the broad bosom of Powhatan, now James River, were frequented by the *dramatis personæ* of these pages.



The young wife of the rude monarch is supposed to have been about two years a resident at his sylvan court at the opening of the Poem; alternately enjoying the confidence and enduring the neglect of the forest king. And although these Books contain much of speculation, such as abounds in all stories that are founded on fact, yet there is a large portion of the same entirely consistent with history. The very common surmise that the powerful Chieftain of a conquering nation should select for himself a bride from another tribe is too consistent with common usage to cavil at; nor is it quite beyond the pale of probability, that the Northmen, who some centuries before planted a colony north of the 30th degree of latitude, should have left a remnant of their stock; although history makes little mention of it. (For researches on this subject, see additional notes in the subsequent part of this book.) And, moreover, what would constitute the beauty of a story, either in prose or verse, were the writer tied down to plain matters of fact, and denied the privilege of ranging uncontrolled in the regions of fancy?

Note 2, page 16.

*Roamed she the forest track  
With him, her Monarch lord?*

Among all savage nations it is the custom of the women to do all menial services for the lords of the cre-

ation; nor are they to be performed grudgingly with impunity. From time immemorial, the degrees of civilization have been tested by the extent of servitude assigned to the weaker sex, and the deference paid them.

Note 3, page 16.

*Bright coral of the waves  
In treasured heaps that lay.*

Pearls and coral, though found in stinted measure, formed the most conspicuous ornaments for the chieftains and their families. Smith, in his quaint style, observes, that "some persons were employed to seeke out beds of oisters for pearle. Some seede pearles they found; but out of one little shell above all the rest, they got one hundred and twenty small pearles, but somewhat defective in colour."

"After their intercourse with the natives, they came in great numbers, bringing materials for dyeing, and numberless strings of coral and pearls, both red and white, which they had from the mouths of their rivers, and all about. But these were for ornaments for their chief women and their Werowances."—*Stith*.

Note 4, page 18.

*Though oft 'mid Ila's dreams.*

ILA, the mother of our Heroine, is, of course, indebted to fancy for her name, for the lack of history's records on the subject. The tradition, however, that she was of Runic origin, will fully justify the use of a name so seemingly classical, un-Indian as it is. (See Note 11.)

Note 5, page 19.

*Her own loved tribe, in wealth and power  
Stretched from fair Susquehanna's tide.*

“The Susquahannoks,” says Smith, “were a great nation, dwelling on the heads of the chief rivers that empty into the Bay. They were little known to the southern tribes. They lived in palisadoed towns; and on his visiting them they showed him many things both for use and ornament, of much superior workmanship to those the Powhatans owned: among the rest, strings of coral and copper beads, with hatchets and such like made of iron. These things, they said, were obtained by their fathers, a long time back, from some persons the colour of ourselves, and wearing clothes not like skins.”

Note 6, page 20.

*Wingina's monarch, cold and shy.*

Wingina was rather the name of the king than of the country, although it is sometimes thus called by Heckewelder and Stith. "Upon the return of Amidas and Barlow," says the latter historian, "from the country of Wingina, their Queen, Elizabeth, from the wonderful accounts of its fruitfulness, changed that name to Virginia, out of respect to herself, she being called the Virgin Queen; and also because the country seemed to retain the virgin purity and plenty of the first creation, and the people their primitive innocence of life and manners." The poet, Waller, refers to this country in the following stanza, which gives some idea of the great value set on the new discoveries:

"So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,  
"None sickly lives, nor dies before his time.  
"Heaven sure has kept that spot of earth uncursed  
"To show how all things were created first."

Note 7, page 20.

*Of hunting-grounds far, far away,  
Where scathless grazed the herds by day.*

"The Indians of the Far West still deem it a privilege beyond any other, to discover some tract of ground un-

known to the hunter, where the wild deer and buffalo still range unmolested.”—*Catlin on the Western Tribes*.

Doubtless the ancient natives, who were equally wild and devoted to hunting, considered a state of things like this, the acme of happiness.

Note 8, page 21.

*Where the bold stream divides.*

But a few furlongs from Powhatan, the once regal home of the savage monarch, there is a beautiful island in the river, that divides the stream almost equally. This is plainly seen from the eminence above.

Note 9, page 21.

*Tinged with the surmeh's glossy dye.*

This is an Oriental image; the surmeh being used by the Persian ladies to give a beautiful lustre and deeper jet to their eyebrows and eyelashes. The leaves of the henna plant (*Lawsonia Alba*) afford a beautiful reddish yellow dye, used to tint the palms of the hands and tips of the fingers.

## Note 10, page 22.

*For still the haughty monarch bore him on  
In rude and unchecked merriment the while.*

It is a well known fact that most savages are capricious in the extreme, as it regards the object who had claimed their versatile affection, and above all the ties of a connubial kind; often neglecting the one who has hitherto been the most highly favoured, and often supplanting, by a newer tie, the promised homage of life. This especially obtains among them when there is no progeny to cement their union.

## Note 11, page 26.

*Tradition said, that, many a moon bygone,  
So long that e'en tradition's self runs wild.*

Here also we must apologize for departing from the beaten track, and for the introduction of hyperbole; a privilege often granted in such cases, of introducing foreign matter in aid of domestic difficulties: a bad precedent in the main, but one sometimes resorted to.

A previous note adverts to some remarkable incidents recorded by Captain Smith concerning the Susquehanna tribe. He further remarks: "We saw a lusty man, a savage, almost white, with curling hair, and a thick,

black, bushy beard ; and as the savages seldom have any beard at all, we were ready to believe, strange as it was, that he was the descendant of some European. He was not a little proud of his appearance when he found that he resembled some of us ; and intimated, as well as he could, that he was another countryman like unto us ; but the interpreter told us that many of his kindred were thus, yet not so much like him as like themselves."

Having made some allusion to the Norse or Northmen, it may not be unacceptable to the reader to give an extract or two from that interesting history by Mr. Wheaton, although it may not serve to illustrate the subject in question, or entirely set aside the idea that our theory is a doubtful one at least, and brought from far back eld ; a period so remote as scarcely to be considered as a feasible plan. And yet what is a tale without some speculations of fancy woven into its tissue, especially when the waves of oblivion have for ages rolled over the sublimest records !

"These adventurous spirits seem to have been compounded of Danes and Norwegians, who together, under their chieftain, Erick the Red, a famous northern Earl, first planted a colony in Iceland ; and after voyaging about in search of more territory, crossed the ocean to the American continent. Here, after repeated failures, they established themselves, but were afterwards driven off by the natives.

"For more than a century from the first settlement in America, the boldest spirits of these hyperborean regions associated themselves together, choosing some prominent character for their director. Thus they visited distant

lands, planting colonies in Greenland and other places. That the Norwegians knew something of the new world is well authenticated, the fact appearing on the Icelandic records."

In making researches on this interesting subject, we find the following notice from Malte Brun, whose geographical and historical knowledge is wonderfully correct. "The colony established on the western continent probably perished in the same manner with the ancient establishment on Greenland; yet some traces of its existence may be found in the relations of the Jesuit missionaries in Canada, who a long time ago had an account of a distinct tribe of people found in the district of Gaspé, at the mouth of the River St. Lawrence, who, they said, preserved among themselves a certain degree of civilization, and a mixed religion of their own. Their traditions go to prove that their forefathers worshipped the sun, or some unseen deity which that luminary represented; observed the position of the stars, possessing more knowledge than the neighbouring tribes, and differing from them in language, colour and improvements: their implements of domestic use being rudely made of metal."

"At a later day, when the missionaries came among them, their language was corrupted, but they showed the symbol of the cross, which they said a venerable person had taught them to venerate, and with which he cured a terrible epidemic among them."—(See *Dissertations on the Discovery of America by the Scandinavians*. By J. H. Shrouder.)

We have one more transcript of high authority upon



this interesting subject ; but speculations of such a nature, however amusing, but increase the darkness that broods over this early era.

In Mr. Depping's valuable work on the maritime expeditions of the Norwegians, we have the following account. "There was formerly (say the ancient sages of Norway) a man named Herjolf, who was descended from Ingolf, the first settler of Iceland. This man navigated from one country to another with his son and a small crew, and generally spent his winters in Norway. It happened once on a time that they were separated, the father and son ; and Bjarne sought his father in Norway. There he learned he had gone to the newly discovered country of Greenland. Bjarne resolved to find him, wherever he might be ; and in 1001 set sail for Greenland, directing himself by the stars. For some time he was carried by the winds to the west, when arose a violent wind from the north, driving him southward for many days, where he saw a flat country, covered with wood and watered by many rivers, the temperature of which was very fine and the land both fruitful and flowery. He afterwards continued his voyage northeast, arrived at Greenland, where he found his father established and in possession of land on a large bay, which he called Herjolf's bay, in honour of his son's enterprise. This bay is still called after its ancient name, and Herjolf is supposed to have been the first discoverer of North America."—(See Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, History of the North Men, and many other interesting works, where amusing accounts of a similar nature are recounted.)

These things, if they throw no light upon the sombre tints enshrouding other days, yet serve to amuse; and however wild and romantic they may seem, do not, as did the propagator of the Koran, exact unconditional belief at the point of the sabre.

Note 12, page 29.

*Loud echoes through the forest mazes ring,  
And rising bonfires pale the waning moon.*

“There was much rejoicing among the savages,” says Captain Smith, “whenever a child was born to their Chiefs.”

Note 13, page 35.

*Ere yet full womanhood Matoa knew.*

Matoaka was the name by which she was generally known to her tribe; but by the familiar name of Pocahontas she was designated among the English. Snow-Feather, according to the legend, was a favourite name by which she was called by her friends, as was also her mother; both being represented as remarkably graceful and swift of foot.

## Note 14, page 39.

*May not imagination's subtile powers  
Lend to the Indian girl a half-strung lyre ?*

Such interpolations are of too common occurrence to need an apology, wild as it may seem ; or we might find numberless instances to stand as precedents for us. Though many extraordinary legends are preserved in a land where the noble and daring deeds of Pocahontas were effected, we find nothing that may establish her claim to music or poetry, whether vocal or instrumental.

## Note 15, page 45.

*In adoration, too, to tune the shell  
In mystic numbers, to that Power above  
Who throws o'er all his works so soft a spell,  
Cradling creation in his boundless love ?*

We do not design anticipating the conversion of Pocahontas ; yet it cannot be denied by any one versed in these matters, that the Indians, at an early date, had some vague idea of a Supreme Being. Master Herriot, an early settler, in his details of the manners, customs, religion, etc. of the aborigines, remarks that " they considered the diseases they suffered, an eclipse of the sun or moon, or the appearance of a comet, to be the especial work of the Great Spirit, in behalf of the English."

Note 16, page 52.

*Something they told of antiquarian lore,  
But now forgot or changed by lapse of time,  
Of palaces and halls on foreign shore,  
Built by migrators from dark Afric's clime.*

There is much of the spirit of research abroad, and some recent discoveries in the New World tend to the conviction that many years before the colonization of any portion of it by Europeans, it had been visited by another race, differing materially in physical powers and mental energies from the Indians found in the southern latitudes by Cortez, Balboa, De Nuñez, or any other discoverers whose accounts are transmitted to posterity. For these learned and interesting details, see Delafield's American Antiquities, lately published in one folio volume, containing engravings of a singular nature, together with a map of hieroglyphic representations, copied from the pillars, etc., of an immense ruin in Mexico, and forming a succession of mute history for centuries past. These wonderful illustrations are drawn on a sheet eighteen feet in length.

Note 17, page 58.

*Nantaquas.*

The brother of Matoa was named Nantaquaas, but for the sake of harmony a letter is left out. His character

here is not historically represented, as all ancient writers agree that he was amiable and useful, notwithstanding his savage nature. Captain Smith regarded him as the very *beau ideal* of savage manliness. But as little is said of this young Brave, we have drawn on imagination for a more vivid picture. The Emperor Powhatan had another son, whose name is no where given ; a suspicious and designing boy, endued with that especial sort of mischief which is apt to grow into malignity in adult age ; under no control from his father, and despising the reproofs of his lovely and gentle sister. We may thence rationally conclude that in after life he became the fac simile of what is here represented ; but the history closes on his scattered tribes before such feelings are fully developed. We have therefore ventured to give him the name of his elder brother, and anticipated his manhood. He is only once mentioned in history.

Note 18, page 60.

*A second Absalom, he longed to grasp  
The regal sceptre by his father swayed.*

Lest utter ignorance of the civil polity of the Indian nation be attributed to us, it is necessary here to remark that the truncheon of rule did not descend from father to son, but collaterally in the male line ; afterwards to the females in the same degree, (there being among them no

salique law,) and lastly by descent. The probability of Pocahontas becoming Queen, though very remote, is adverted to by the historian Stith, when he speaks of the strange conduct of James I., King of England, in regard to the Lady Rebecca and her husband.

“There hath been,” says Stith, “a constant tradition that the King became jealous, and highly offended with Mr. Rolfe for marrying a royal Princess. That anointed pedant, it seems, had a high idea of the *jus divinum* and indefeasible right of Powhatan, and of royalty in any case: so that he held it a great crime for any private gentleman to mingle with imperial blood. And he might also think that the right of those boundless domains across the sea, might hereafter be invested in Mr. Rolfe’s posterity.”

Note 19, page 64.

*The Exile.*

On this subject history is silent, but tradition seems fully adequate to supply the elision, as it does in a manner accordant with the text.

When Powhatan found that his dearly beloved daughter rejected with disdain the Brave whom he had chosen for her, he ordered immediate preparation to be made to carry her away into banishment. The place selected for her residence during her father’s wrath, was, according to the legend, in the county of Accomac, on the eastern

shore of Virginia, being his most out of the way and remote possessions ; inhabited by a tribe and governed by a king under the Emperor's sway, but otherwise independent, and spoken of by Smith as "a brave and generous people."

As much of interesting matter is transmitted to us in like manner, we need not be so fastidious as to reject it, though it comes in a somewhat questionable form.

Note 20, page 64.

*Amid this rural scene of song  
One sat apart from all the throng :  
Her Queenly brow not passing fair,  
But beauty and repose were there.*

Matoa, alias Pocahontas, is represented by Smith as being very beautiful, though her countenance always bore an expression of sadness ; a characteristic of her father's countenance, which in after years changed to a stern ferocity.

"Powhatan was a man tall and well proportioned, with much dignified majesty about him, but of a sour aspect."—*Stith*.

"Powhatan, or Wahunsonakoc, was tall and well proportioned, always bearing an aspect of sadness, and exceedingly vigorous even at the age of sixty. His hair was somewhat gray, which, together with his high and noble bearing, bespoke him of kingly lineage. To this majestic appearance his usual dress greatly added : it

was a full robe of well prepared skins. On his head he wore a circlet of many-coloured feathers, wrought into a crown.”—*Drake's Indian Antiquities*.

Note 21, page 69.

*The night-bird's solemn ditty broke  
The unchanged solitude around ;  
Or Muk-a-wis with plaintive note  
Came to her ear with soothing sound.*

Both the owl and the whip-poor-will were considered birds of evil omen by the superstitious natives. The belief is scarcely yet exploded among the ignorant, that a bird of either kind, if he utters his wailings in the vicinity of a human habitation, foretells something dreadful. Their notes are indeed melancholy enough at all times ; but, as I have often heard them, in a lonely cottage embosomed in a pine forest, I do not wonder at the solemn impression made upon the unlearned.

Note 22, page 76.

*The Royal Sachem's wigwam fair  
On that proud stream that bore his name,  
Was desert now ; nor Prince nor Peer  
Within its ruined precincts came.*

A description has already been entered into of this still beautiful spot. The historian Heckewelder remarks,



that "this river was called Powhatan from the fruitfulness of its fields and its great supply of fish." But Smith says, it was so called after the monarch of the country, and the people were called Powhatans. He thus describes this place of residence, which was afterwards exchanged for a more central one. "It stands a little below the falls of the Great River, which is only navigable a mile above, by reason of the rocks and little isles where there is no passage for boats." This early residence of Pocahontas is said to have been her favourite one, as both hope and memory conspire to endear the birth-place and scenes of childhood's glee. How often will even the coldest heart turn from the joyless feelings and encumbering cares of after-life, to catch a fleeting reminiscence of bygone days, ere the fast-fading rays of youthful hope are quenched by the chilling frosts of age! Yet even in a prolonged existence, how often will the softened moonbeams of memory triumph over sorrow and disappointment.

Note 23, page 77.

*There rose his standards high to view,  
The signals dark of savage ire.*

Werowocomoco, lay on the north side of York River, (called by the natives Pamunky, which is still the name of one of its branches) nearly opposite the mouth of Queen's

Creek. This became, according to Smith, "the residence of Powhatan's court, not long after the arrival of the English." He settled there after his conquests extended. Burk remarks, "that after the new settlers became established at Jamestown, he found them too near to his dwelling, and removed to Orapaques, a place farther inland."

Note 24, page 78.

*Another dawn beheld it tossed  
By waves' tempestuous woe the while,  
Till, drenched with rain, their rudder lost,  
Wrecked was the skiff on Cedar Isle.*

Smith saw the Indians building their boats, "some of which," he says, "would hold forty men, having a kind of timber to steer by; others were quite small."

There are several small islands in the Chesapeake Bay, in either of which the reader is welcome to locate the shipwreck of the boat that bore the sad Princess into exile, according to the Legend. The fertility of these rocky points may be questioned, but they certainly are destitute of inhabitants or even a vestige of them; and the hostilities of mosquitoes, sand-flies, and the various et cetera of ephemeral annoyances, few who know them would be willing to test.

## Note 25, page 79.

*Of late, an Argosy of cost,  
By tempest driven or calms delayed,  
With arduous toil had neared the coast,  
Their trans-atlantic friends to aid.*

“Newport suffered much delay on his voyage to the relief of the colonists, not only by storms, but many calms and adverse winds; and in his extremity he touched on a desert isle.”—*Smith*.

## Note 26, page 86.

*He stops entranced; before him lay,  
Reflecting back the blaze of day,  
Something of dazzling light  
Encased in gold.*

We must again turn to traditionary lore for the elucidation of an incident mysterious in itself, and no where noticed by historiographers. The legend hath it, that Pocahontas, while wandering in the forest between Werowocomoco and Jamestown, whither she often went attended by companions both male and female, espied a jewel of great value, which was fetched her from among the decayed leaves, by a youth who always attended her. That upon examination she discovered it to be a remark-

able thing, but whether of heaven or earth she could not tell; nor did those who were with her know any better than she did. This wonderful jewel was the picture of a man, and was probably lost by some one of Smith's party, who had accompanied him to the Emperor's place. The Princess wore it round her neck as a great ornament, more to be prized than any thing worldly.

Note 27, page 91.

*Held by the thews of forest deer,  
Alone this mystic being stands.*

"After many feats of prowess, Captain Smith was at length taken captive, and carried in triumph through the country by a band of savages commanded by Opekan-kanow, the brother of the monarch. He was well treated, and so much feasted at all the places he visited, that he began to think they were fattening him for a victim; but their object was to gain his consent to aid them in ridding their country of the invaders; and to that end they offered him a large territory, and whatever else he might choose. When this failed, they endeavoured to frighten him into measures."—*Burk's History*.

"Early in the morning," says Smith, "they determined to try conjurations. They made a great fire; on each side they spread a mat, and on one of which they caused him to sit. After all the guards had left the house, presently came skipping in a great grim fellow

painted with coal mingled with oil. He had the skins of snakes, frogs, weasels and such like, all stuffed with moss; their tails tied together so that they formed a tassel at the top of his head, while their ugly mouths and faces hung around his face and neck. With a horrid voice, and a rattle in his hand, and with strange gestures and postures, he began his invocations, spreading a circle of meal about the fire. This done, three other such demons came in, painted half black and half red; but all round their eyes was painted white, making them look hideous. These four fiends danced round the prisoner, when three more came in, with red eyes and black streaks down their faces. After dancing and whooping, they all sat down, three on each side of the priest, and opposite to the captive: then holding hands, they shook their rattles and began a song. After this they laid down grains of corn circled with sticks, within the meal, and began their devotions anew. Three days they continued at this, eating nothing until night. All this was to know if the English intended them any good or evil. The circles of meal signified their country; the sticks the borders of the sea, and the corn stood for the land of the strangers."

Note 28, page 91.

*And when, condemned by ruthless hate.*

"After these conjurations, Captain Smith was conducted to Powhatan, the chief residence of the monarch;

and after a consultation was held among the chief men, he was condemned to die.

“Two large stones were brought into the circle, and laid at the King’s feet, and a club placed in his hands. The captive being bound hand and foot, was laid upon the stones, and Powhatan, to whom the honour was respectfully assigned, was about to put him to death. Something like pity beamed from the eyes of the savage crowd, but none dared to speak. The fatal club was uplifted;—the captive was without a friend to succour him,—alone, among hostile savages! The breasts of the multitude already anticipated the dreadful crash that would bereave him of life, when the young and beautiful Pocahontas, the king’s darling daughter, with a shriek of terror and agony, threw herself on the body of the victim! Her dark hair was unbound, her eyes streaming with tears, and her whole manner bespoke the agony of her bosom. She cast the most beseeching looks at her angry and astonished father, imploring his pity and the life of the captive with all the eloquence of mute but impassioned sorrow.”—*Smith*.

“The remainder of this scene,” says Burk, “is highly honourable to Powhatan, and remains a lasting monument that, though different principles of action and the influence of custom had given to the manners of this people an appearance neither amiable nor virtuous in general, yet they still retained the noblest property of the human character,—the touch of sympathy and the feelings of humanity. The club of the Emperor was still uplifted; but gentle feelings had overcome him, and his eye was every moment losing its fierceness. He

looked round to find an excuse for his weakness, and saw pity in every face. The generous savage no longer hesitated. The compassion of the rude state is neither ostentatious nor dilatory, nor does it insult its object by the exaction of impossibilities. Powhatan lifted his grateful and delighted daughter from the earth, but lately ready to receive the blood of the victim, and commanded the stranger captive to arise."

The venerable historian Stith adds: "Whereupon Powhatan was persuaded to let him live that he might make hatchets for himself, and belts, beads and copper trinkets for his young preserver."

There are many other incidents recorded, wherein this lovely and merciful Princess saved the lives of Captain Smith and his followers, at the imminent hazard of her own life, from her father's anger, and the perils she encountered in her frequent and lonely excursions to Jamestown from Werowocomoco, whither she often went, in company or alone, as best served her benevolent purposes; sometimes to carry secret intelligence of hostile movements, but mostly to supply the wants and minister to the sufferings of the sickly and almost starving colonists. For further particulars on these subjects, see Smith, Stith, Burk, etc.

Note 29, page 94.

*Matoa now no more.*

Matoaka being both harsh and unpoetic, we have ventured to euphonize it by the omission of the last syllable. Smith remarks that "Men, women, and children have their several names according to the several humours of their parents, which may be changed at will." That this Princess was called Matoaka, there can be no doubt, as in an ancient representation which I have seen, the following words encircle the picture, which is dressed in the full costume of the times of James I., bearing date 1616:

M A T O A K A. al's R E B E C C A.  
 FILIA POTENTISS. PRINC. POWHATAN. IMP.  
 VIRGINIA.  
 1616. Now aged 21.

Underneath is this inscription: "Matoaka, alias Rebecca, daughter of the mighty Prince Powhatan, Emperor of Attanongehomouck, alias Virginia, converted and baptized in the Christian faith, and became wife to the worshipful Mr. John Rolffe."

In regard to the baptism of this Princess, there is little doubt of its having taken place before she left Virginia, if not before her marriage. If so, the rude church at Jamestown must have been the scene of that solemn and imposing ceremony. There is, however, but little data remaining by which the different acts and epochs of that



noble Princess' life can be reconciled. Upon research, we find some dates probable enough: to wit, "Pocahontas was born about the year 1594 or '5; hence she was only twelve or thirteen years old when she saved the life of Smith in 1607."—*Burk*. "The name signifies a streamlet between two hills," says Heckewelder: prophetic, it seemed to be, as she was a bond of peace and union between two mighty nations.

Another note of a fugitive, and somewhat desultory character, claims admittance: we will therefore place it here as a suitable location.

"From 1609 to 1611, about two years, Pocahontas was never seen at Jamestown."—*Keith*.

"About this time, or perhaps earlier, the Princess was not seen for some time. Rumour said she was banished to her father's remote possessions."—*Stith*.

Note 30, page 96.

*With joyless steps she left her father's courts,  
(For darkened was his brow to Ila's child.)*

"Captain Argall, having proceeded up the Potowmac on a trading expedition, by the means of Japazaw, King of that country, discovered that Pocahontas was then on a visit in that neighbourhood, in a distressed state, and unwilling to be known. He immediately conceived the project of getting her into his power, concluding that the possession of so valuable a hostage would operate as a

check on the hostile dispositions of her father, the Emperor, and might be made a means of reconciliation. The cause of her absence from the protection of her family is left to bare conjecture.

“Her avowed partiality for the English had most probably drawn upon her the displeasure of her father ; and this high-spirited monarch had suffered so much from the invaders of his territory, both in fact and by anticipation, that she might (dear as she had ever been) have feared his resentment, to avoid the immediate effects of which she retired to that sequestered place.”—*Burk*.

“To avoid being a witness to the butcheries of the English, whose rash folly, after Smith’s departure, put it out of her power to save them, this disconsolate Princess withdrew from those scenes, and threw herself on the friendship of Japazaw, King of Potowmac, whose country as yet lay at rest.”—*Stith*.

Note 31, page 96.

*For there each magic Werowance resorts.*

“Powhatan was often in conference with the Priests, and would convene the chieftains of the tribes in consultations upon the distracted state of the country. Being beloved and respected, the Werowances all came at the call of the Emperor.

“This word, ‘Werowance,’ signifies ‘great man,’ whether in wisdom or power. Their Priests and Con-

jurors, or Physicians (as they were called), had much to do, not only in the art of healing, but in the affairs of state, when any exigency occurred. But the term is used more to imply a Chief or Sagamore than any thing else."

Note 32, page 99.

*There dwelt an aged crone of otheryears,  
The child of mystery.*

This Sibyl of Potomac is entirely an imaginary being, though founded on the known superstition of the Indians, and fostered by stories and legends extant of strange and wonderful individuals among them. Such a romance very naturally presents itself to the mind, especially when a favourite hypothesis is to be established, and the interest of the piece demands it;—and, having precedent sufficient to encourage us in all such matters, under this prerogative we are willing to rest.

As all Sibyls are endowed with more than common powers, she is represented as not only seeing into futurity, but likewise gifted with retrospections of the past. Nor does her prophetic spirit exceed many other similar characters introduced elsewhere, whose mental hallucinations often conjured up from the "vasty deep" of a distempered mind, images of no common kind.

Note 33, page 102.

*For round me move in dark array  
The Patriarchs of a former day.*

The theory above alluded to has been indulged by the author, and warranted by some able writers who have devoted much time to the study of antiquities. See "Star in the West," by E. Boudinot, late of New Jersey, a man of much erudition and great research, whose energetic mind and biblical knowledge have enabled him to explore with great success this almost untried field of literature. He adduces many things to prove that the aborigines of North America were descended from the lost Ten Tribes of Israel, who, being a second time carried away into captivity by the Babylonish Kings, never returned *en masse* to their own country; but, to use a scripture phrase, "melted away from the face of men."

The ingenious author of the work alluded to exhibits strong evidences of the fact, backed by prophecy, that these scattered tribes, a part of whom only returned with "Judah's numbers," emigrated northward. That they disappeared, leaving no traces of their progress behind them, is vouched for both in sacred and profane history. The belief is, that their wanderings were ordained, and that the forty years' sojourn of their fathers in the wilds of Arabia was a type of their fate; and that after a lapse of time foretold by prophetic inspiration, they should pass over an arm of the sea, or some mighty water,

which, according to the words of wisdom, should "stand still at the command of the Lord," and another land should be prepared for them.

Note 34, page 102.

*A shadowy sceptre first appears.*

"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come, and to him shall the gathering of the nations be." Gen. xlix. 10. In this highly interesting and graphic chapter, we find the prophecies relating to the several sons of Jacob, already denominated the Twelve Tribes of Israel, given in the language of inspiration, and abounding in all the beautiful imagery of the East.

We likewise read of the "Lion of the Tribe of Judah;" "the Shepherd of Israel," of whom this favoured Tribe was the root, etc. In the emphatic language of Holy Writ, these synonymes are appropriated to Judah, who was for ages the most influential of all the Tribes. On account of his bravery, he is called the "lion," "the old lion," etc. This distinction he seems to have gained when fighting against the Canaanites. Inquiry being made of the Lord by Urim and Thummim, or light and perfection, who should lead the hosts to battle, the response of the holy oracle (made known no doubt in the usual mystical manner) demanded that "Judah should go up." This was after the death of Joshua, who had been a long time the commander of the united forces of the Twelve Tribes.

After the second captivity, Judah alone returned as a nation, while the Israelites were either finally scattered, or incorporated with them; and from that time all the descendants of Jacob were called Jews, or Judeans.

Note 35, page 103.

*Lo! these depart! An Ensign stands  
Upheld in midst by bloody hands!*

“Simeon and Levi are brethren.” “Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel. I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel.” Gen. xlix.

“Those instruments of cruelty,” the swords with which they massacred the defenceless Shechemites, remained in their houses, as a perpetual memorial of their odious and horrible crime. According to prophecy, they were scattered among the other tribes. In consequence of the good conduct of Levi, they grew in favour with the Most High, and were appointed Priests; while the unrepenting Simeon bore the burden alone.

The only possession of Simeon was a portion in the lot of Judah; but being straitened for room as their numbers increased, they went in quest of new places. Tradition reports that the Simeonites were dispersed among the children of Israel as instructors for their children; from time immemorial having no other support. Thus were the unerring oracles fulfilled, and they were literally “divided in Israel.”

Note 36, page 103.

*And now a stranger scene appears ;  
A warrior rudely clad for war.*

Dan seems to have succeeded more by stratagem than in open war. The Danites were subtle and mischievous ; also a marauding people (excellent riders), therefore likened to serpents.

Note 37, page 104.

*But legends yet may tell  
Of fruitful boughs and branches fair,  
All clustering in the summer air  
Around an Eastern well.*

“Joseph is a fruitful bough.” Gen. xlix. 22. Joseph, the favoured and beloved son of the Patriarch, is spoken of as “a young tree planted by the water side, that bringeth forth much fruit.”

Note 38, page 104.

*A dark-red Hind of noble race.*

“Naphtali is a hind let loose.” This Tribe is represented by the sacred writers as active, but volatile ; brave, but not discreet ; more noted for despatch than for steady persevering labour.

“Our banner was displayed in the sight of all the people. It bore the proud cognizance of our Tribe—the beautiful red stag upon a white ground; its heart pierced with an arrow: and as it fluttered to the breeze, with loud notes of triumph we hailed the immortal standard of Naphtali.”—*Salathiel*.

Note 39, page 106.

*Upturned for aye your altar-stone.*

“The Indians have certain altar-stones, called Pawcorances. They do not stand in their temples, but by their houses; and some in the woods where any thing extraordinary has happened, and are used as records of events, pointing them out to their children from age to age, and thus impressing their instructions. Upon these they offer the blood of deer, and the suet of clean animals. They also burn tobacco on them when they return in safety from war or hunting.”—*Smith*.

Note 40, page 107.

*But thou, the beautiful, the meek,  
Ere twenty summers fan thy cheek.*

Pocahontas was, according to authorities, under twenty years of age when she sailed for England. Here she remained about two years; being under twenty-two at her death.



Note 41, page 107.

*There, where the breakers ceaseless roar,  
And white sails glitter in the sun.*

“She died at Gravesend on the English seaboard, (whither she went to embark for her native land,) November, 1616; and there she was buried.”—*Smith*.

“A simple tomb, washed by the rising surge, is all that remains of this exalted being,” says a traveller some years after her death.

Note 42, page 108.

*From thy soft couch's crimson fold,  
As nestling like an unfledged bird.*

History makes no mention of the place of the young Rolfe's birth, but says, that “at the death of Pocahontas, Sir Lewis Steukley of Plymouth took the child; but that he soon fell into disrepute, in consequence of his treacherously betraying Sir Walter Raleigh to execution. The boy, Thomas Rolfe, was sent to his uncle, Henry Rolfe, who educated him. He afterwards returned to Virginia, where he became a man of great eminence; and, marrying, left an only daughter, from whom are descended many of the first families in the state. So that this remnant of the imperial family in Virginia, which long ran in a single person, is now increased and branched out into a numerous progeny.”—*Stith*.

Note 43, page 108.

*In any era, time or age,  
In this his ancient heritage.*

We find no mention of any others, descended from Indians, now dwelling in the land of their forefathers, although many marriages were contracted between the natives and Europeans. Belknap, Smith and Stith, give each an account of one Mr. Hamor, who at the instigation of others, sanctioned by Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor, offered himself in alliance to Powhatan, as the suitor of his younger daughter. The Emperor told him he had just sold her to a chief for three bushels of *rawanoke* (tobacco); but if Sir Thomas Dale, his friend and brother, desired to marry the Princess, he would take her back and restore the purchase article, as she was not yet delivered to her future lord. Stith is of the opinion that Sir Thomas was very willing to make the arrangement. But war broke out, and he returned again to England.

Note 44, page 110.

*And o'er her withered form to place  
Each treasured trophy of her race.*

“The bodies of all their kings and priests are embalmed in a rude manner by the Indians, and afterwards

dried on hurdles. They then form a tomb arched with mats, and lay the body in order therein. But first they hang bracelets and chains of copper or any bright metal, coral, pearls and such like, upon their necks and joints. They then lap them up with much care in white skins, and so roll them in clean mats for winding-sheets. What remains of their wealth, they set at their feet in baskets; and oftentimes upon their breasts they lay such things as most they valued; such as white beads and copper, together with a red paint, called pocones, for fear the Evil Spirit, whom they call Okee, be offended."—*Smith*.

Note 45, page 110.

*A vial's liquid treasure there.*

In a lower section of Virginia, some ancient tombs have been opened within the last fifty years; in one of these receptacles of the dead, a skeleton of large dimensions was discovered, bearing on its breast several pieces of copper and glass, some beads, and a vial stopped with wood, (this vial was not very remarkable in its formation,) capable of containing about two ounces, and seemed to have been filled with a yellow liquid, nearly all of which had evaporated notwithstanding its being almost hermetically sealed by the introduction of some very tenacious substance about the stopper.

This vial, and a piece of glass of singular construction, were for some years exhibited in the Virginia

Museum at Richmond. This institution having been devoted to other purposes, these venerable relics of antiquity were presented to the writer by the former proprietor, and are still in her possession.

Note 46, page 110.

*No mass, no holy prayer was said  
O'er the mute presence of the dead.*

"There is," says Captain Smith, in his notice of the manners and customs of the natives, "no place yet discovered to be so savage, in which they have no religion."

"In the territory of every chief, there is a temple where seven priests preside. The dress of six of them is comparatively plain." For the singular costume of the chief among them, see a preceding note, containing an account of the conjurations held over Captain Smith, who says, "Powhatan had a large temple, sixty yards long, in which he kept seven priests, who took care of his skins, beads, etc. laid up for his burial; it being common to prepare these things during life, and happy was he who collected the greatest number." He further observes, "that the burial of a great person is conducted with great solemnity. This ended, they return from the tomb; the men about their pastimes, while the women, painted and oiled to look black and hideous, retire to their wigwams, and do make such howls and lamentations as may show their grief. This they do for twenty-four hours."

Note 47, page 112.

*Arriving from a foreign shore.*

“Captain Argall was sent to the colony with forty men and a supply of provisions. He touched at Jamestown to unload; and having heard of Potowmac, he went thither to trade for corn. He soon formed an acquaintance with Japazaw, the King of that country, where he heard, much to his delight, that the Princess Pocahontas was then on a visit to him; she whom we call the Nonparielle of Virginia.”

“Thinking herself unknown, and not dreaming of treachery on the part of her friends, Japazaw and his wife persuaded her to accompany them on board the ship, feigning great curiosity. As for the savage, he would have done any thing for the copper kettle promised him by Captain Argall. For though the Princess had seen many ships, and had no desire to go aboard, yet he caused his wife to make a great complaining, while he pretended to beat her for her importunity until she wept. At last he told her that if Pocahontas would go with her, he was content; thus betraying the poor innocent creature. When they came up, the Captain persuaded the Princess into the gun-room, on pretence of having a private conference with Japazaw, only to prevent her seeing his treachery. He then told her she must leave her friends, and go with him to compound a peace with her father. Whereupon the deceitful old Jew

and his wife began to cry and howl faster than did the injured maiden, who with his fair promises presently became reconciled; while old Japazaw and his hypocrite wife, with their copper kettle and other toys, went merrily on shore, while the ship hove sail for Jamestown."

Note 48, page 119.

*Not long in idle gaze she stood  
Before her eye some object caught.*

The same interesting legend that tells of the discovered picture, also relates that "at first sight of Mr. Rolfe, Pocahontas was greatly moved and astonished." (See Old Record of Wonderful Traditions, published some years since in the Richmond Gazette.)

Note 49, page 130.

*The sequel stands on history's page,  
A record true from age to age.*

"An incident occurred about this time," says Burk, "which contributed to soften the obdurate spirit of the savage Monarch. From the time of Pocahontas' captivity, she remained at Jamestown, treated with all re-

spect and dignity. A tender regard here commenced in the susceptible bosom of the Princess for Mr. John Rolfe, a gentleman of great respectability, which every day gained ground, from the delicate attentions of that gentleman. Their passion at length found words, and was disclosed by him to his friend, Sir Thomas Dale, with all the modesty of true love, while a similar confession was made by Pocahontas to a devoted friend and companion of many years."

Note 50, page 130.

*And how from heathen darkness turned,  
Her heart with Christian fervour burned.*

"I have read," says Captain Smith, "a letter from Sir Thomas Dale, another from Master Whitaker, the resident minister, and some more from counsellors of state, saying how careful they were to instruct Pocahontas in the Christian doctrines, and how capable and desirous she was thereof. After she had been thus tutored, she never had a desire to live with her father or his people, who would by no means turn from their idolatry, that thereby they might confess the true faith which she embraced with all her heart; from that time renouncing her former blindness and unbelief. Her poor, dear father, she said, although at times he was not angry with her, yet would by no means give up an

idolatrous religion to which he had been so long used. After these determinations and professions she was baptized."

Note 51, page 134.

*Wild was the scene, and hushed to calm repose ;  
From the dense crowd no thoughtless murmurs rose.*

We have no record of this event other than from some vague traditionary sketches, handed down from time immemorial, which intimate that the old Episcopal Church at Jamestown was the scene of this solemn and imposing ceremony.

Note 52, page 134.

*The bright girl knelt, bathed in repentant tears—  
Connecting link between two hemispheres.*

This can be truly said, as, according to the best authorities, Powhatan, after he had become reconciled to his daughter's union, looked upon that union as a compact between the two nations ; "and, although from the execrable management of the colony's affairs, and their cruel persecutions of the Indians, much bloodshed succeeded, yet the end was peace."—*Stith*.



Note 53, page 135.

*Still as the sculptured monuments of eld ;  
Awless, nor wondering at the mystic sign.*

It is a well known fact that savages never express surprise at any thing, not even at the most beautiful objects or remarkable occurrences. There are many features of these tribes especially interesting, some of which have obtained in all nomadic tribes, and are recorded in the Bible as belonging to a separate and distinct people. In regard to the seeming cruelty and treachery of the disturbed and harassed inhabitants, the most charitable among us could scarcely find it in our hearts to condemn them. They opposed force to force, great as the odds were against them, when they found that kindness was answered by persecution ; and the law of retaliation demanding something more, they resorted to stratagem to effect what power and numbers could not compass. Burk, in speaking of the subtlety of the Indian Monarch, remarks, that " such conduct should not be attributed to Powhatan as a vice, seeing he acted on the maxims of his country, which gave to stratagem and finesse the same rewards that nations more civilized bestow on force."

As to the marriage of the Princess, we have no particulars transmitted by historians.

" This year," says Burk, " 1616, Sir Thomas Dale returned on a visit to England, taking with him the Princess Pocahontas and her husband, Mr. Rolfe."

## Note 54, page 146.

*Ere to that land of shadows he depart,  
Where roams the elk unmindful of the dart.*

Captain Smith remarks, in allusion to the savage belief of a hereafter, that "after death, their kings and priests go beyond the mountains towards the setting sun, where they forever remain, and are supplied with abundance of game, which they need not trouble themselves to fetch. They likewise have beads, hatchets, and such like, at will; a supply of pearls, copper and tobacco always at hand, and nothing to do but dance and sing with all the great Werowances of former times."

## Note 55, page 155.

*Enough to point to the historic page  
Where the bold impress stands for every age.*

Burk remarks: "While these things (before spoken of in relation to the colony) were transacting in Virginia, Pocahontas, now called the Lady Rebecca, had become a subject of interest and curiosity to all descriptions of people in London. Captain Smith, being about to embark a second time for northern Virginia, or New England, felt himself bound, when he heard of the arrival of the Princess, to attempt something in favour of one who

had protected and befriended him in so many perils, as being bound both in honour and gratitude to do so. After some deliberation, he concluded it best to present a petition to the Queen Anne, setting at large the merits of the Virginian Princess, and her claims to the patronage of her Majesty and the whole English people. 'This petition, which bears his signature, is said to have made a very favourable impression on the minds of the Queen and the people, which daily gained ground by the modest demeanour and interesting manner of the young Princess.

"She had already made considerable proficiency in the English language; while the original capacity and vigour of her mind, improved by observation, and tempered by softness and sincerity, made her conversation and society courted by all the principal nobility."

"She was carried to court by the Lady De La War and her husband, together with many other persons of fashion and distinction, who much affected the beautiful and amiable Princess of Powhatan, and desired to present her to the Majesty of England, and the royal court."—*Stith*.

An extract of some length from the best histories of the times, together with Captain Smith's letter to the Queen, may not be considered tedious or irrelevant to act as a concluding scene to this poem and its accompanying notes; as many who might honour our novel effort with a hasty perusal, might not have time or opportunity to extend their reading to some hundred pages of what is sometimes considered a quaint and uninteresting account of by-gone days. These remarks and a

transcript of the letter shall be as much curtailed and rendered as concise as the subject will warrant.

“In the language of the Church,” says Burk, “the Princess of Powhatan has become a Christian; exchanging, by the mysterious ceremonies of baptism, her Indian name of Pocahontas, for the more gospel and modest one of Rebecca; while the native elegance of her mind was delighted at the fortunate transition from savage liberty to the delicate and refined restraints of social life.

“Captain Smith visited her at Brentford, whither herself and family had retired to avoid the noise and smoke of London. Having been informed of his death, she was greatly surprised and overcome at the sight of him. With a mixture of gentleness and firmness, she reminded him of their former acquaintance, and claimed him as her father; saying that by that endearing name he had called Powhatan, when a stranger in their country; and now that she, his daughter, being among a strange people, should take the same liberty. She also reminded him of a little white dog that he had presented to her father, the Emperor of Virginia, which little dog he himself had fed and nursed; and with innocent simplicity she asked him if she was not better than his dog? She felt herself slighted by one on whom she had conferred many kindnesses, and this was the mild rebuke she gave him. She spoke to him of an ambassador whom her father had sent to England, according to some authorities, to see if they had any corn or trees in their country, as the English in Virginia had shown great eagerness to procure those articles in large quanti-

ties, creating a doubt in the minds of the simple-hearted natives, whether or not their own country was entirely barren."

Smith says that "this man, Tomocomo, was sent to count the people of England; and that the King, not Opekankanow, had desired him to attend his daughter. Being both a counsellor and a priest, he was desirous that Pocahontas should have him in her retinue. On landing in the west of England, Tomocomo, who is represented as a man of wisdom and understanding, procured a long stick, with the design of making a notch for every man he saw, but soon abandoned such a fruitless and endless task; satisfying himself to remark the state of the country on his way to London, and report as to its fertility."

"On his return to Virginia," says Burk, "being asked by the King what report he could make of the people and the productions of the land he had visited, he replied: 'As to their trees, corn and such like, they had more than they could ever want; but for the people, go count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sands on the sea-shore, for they are less numerous.'"

In regard to the character of this interesting woman, as it stands in the current accounts of all historians, it is not surpassed in the whole range of history; and more especially for those qualities which do honour to human nature. In humane feeling, in unshaken constancy, and in the bright virtues that most adorn her sex, she stands almost without a rival. For in Pocahontas we have to admire not the softer virtues

only ; for when the interest of her friends is concerned, we find her endowed with the highest courage, the most amazing foresight, adorned with a magnanimity the most beautiful. Indeed there is ground for apprehension that posterity, in reading this portion of American History, will be inclined to consider the account of Pocahontas as a romance, almost equal to the fictions of many early travellers and navigators.

It is now the sad office of history to record the fate of this admirable woman, who died at Gravesend, when preparing to embark with her husband and son, on her return to the land of her fathers. In her death she displayed a happy mixture of Indian fortitude and Christian resignation. Her little son, Thomas Rolfe, was left at Plymouth under the charge of Admiral Sir Lewis Steukley, who then resided there. It was his desire to educate the child ; but falling into disrepute in consequence of his treacherous conduct in regard to Sir Walter Raleigh's arrest and condemnation, he was forced to abandon both his charge and his country ; and the young Rolfe was sent to his uncle, Henry Rolfe of London, where he continued to receive every care and tenderness until he was of age, when he returned to his father-land.

Pocahontas was twenty-two years of age at her death ; having been little more than two years in England. Her death occurred in 1616. Whether her husband returned to Virginia or not, the record of the times does not plainly show. Honourable mention is made of one John Rolfe, a member of the Council, some years after ; and letters on the state of the colony, bearing his name, are

extant. The aged Emperor was greatly affected at the intelligence of his daughter's death. He had then retired from the arduous duties of government, resigning the kingdom to Itopitan, his eldest brother. His second, Opekankanow, being like him, a great warrior, had command of the military, and did much in those bloody wars in which the colony bled at every pore. Powhatan died in 1618, nearly two years after his daughter, and was a man of great bravery, wisdom and good feeling. (See Smith, Stith, Burk, Drake, etc.)

Some quotations from Captain Smith's letter to Queen Anne are selected as the finale to this little volume.

In a letter from a Mr. John Rolfe, written June 15, 1618, he remarks: "Concerning our new commonwealth, it is in a better and more plentiful state, but no great abundance, as is vainly reported in England. Powhatan died last April, yet we continue in peace. Itopitan, his brother, succeeds him, and both he and Opekankanow have confirmed our former league. We had a wonderful and most fearful tempest on the 11th of May, pouring down hail stones for half an hour, eight or nine inches about, so that none durst go out of doors."

TRANSCRIPT OF A LETTER TO THE MOST HIGH AND VIRTUOUS  
PRINCESS QUEEN ANNE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"The love I bear my King and country, emboldens me to present your Majesty a petition in this short discourse. If ingratitude be a deadly poison to all honest

virtues, I must be guilty of that crime if I could omit any means to be thankful. So it is, that some ten years ago, being in Virginia and taken prisoner by the power of this savage, Powhatan, Emperor of that country, that King's most dearly beloved daughter, Pocahontas, being not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, whose tender and pitiful compassion taught all to respect her,—I being the first Christian this proud King and his grim attendants had ever seen,—and although enthralled in their power, yet I felt no want that those mortal foes could prevent, notwithstanding their threats. After some six weeks of fattening among them, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine ; and likewise so prevailed with her father that I was safely conducted to Jamestown, where I found eight and thirty miserable poor sick creatures to keep possession of the large territories of Virginia. Such was the weakness of the poor commonwealth, as had the savages not fed us, we directly had starved. This relief was brought us by this lady, Pocahontas. And when inconstant fortune turned our peace to war, this tender virgin would often visit us, supply our wants and appease our quarrels. And when her people strove to surprise me with but eighteen men, the darkness of the night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and with watery eyes, to give me intelligence of her father's anger, and how best to escape his fury ; which had he known, he had certainly slain her. Jamestown, with her wild train of damsels, she used often to frequent, and for a great time she was, under God, the next to save the whole colony from death and destruction, famine and utter confusion ; which if in



those times had been once dissolved, Virginia would lie as it did at our first arrival, to this day.

“During a long and troublesome war betwixt her father and the colony after my departure, for two years she was absent from her home. After which she was taken prisoner; by her means peace was again concluded, after that she had married a good gentleman of England, and left her barbarous state; whereby she is now in England with her husband: the first Christian of that nation, the first Virginian who ever spoke English; and hath a little son, the first born of such a marriage.

“Thus, most gracious Lady, I have laboured to give your Majesty a knowledge of these things, that might be presented by a more perfect and worthy pen, but not by a more honest heart. As yet I never begged any thing of the state, nor of any other; and for want of ability to assist her myself, I make bold to beseech your Majesty, as her husband's estate is not able to make her fit to appear before your Majesty; she being of a great, noble, and royal spirit, and seeing this kingdom may gain another through her means. Being about to sail for New England, I could not do her that service I desired, and she well deserves; but hearing that she was at Brentford, with divers of her friends, I went to see her; when, after a modest salutation, afterwards she began to talk, and reminded me of her country and of her father, saying, ‘You promised Powhatan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you. You called him Father, being in his land; and by the same reason so must I call you;’ which I would have excused, but she being the daughter of a great King, I durst not allow, and told her

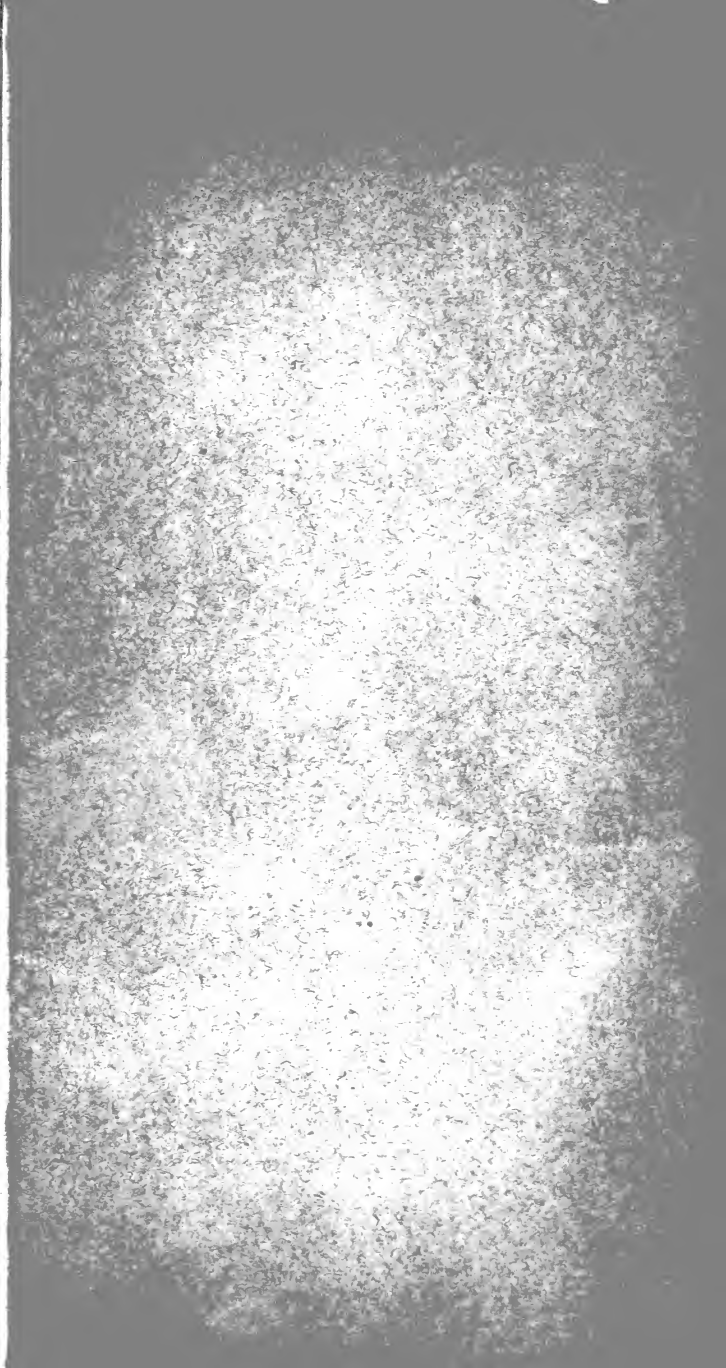
the reason ; upon which she said, as I was not afraid to come into her father's country, and call him Father, she would call me so, and I should call her Child. She said they had told her I was dead, and she knew no better till she came to Plymouth ; and her father did command his ambassador to seek for me and find me out, telling me of her that I might protect her in a strange land. For her father did not believe the account of my death, because our people were much given to falsehood.

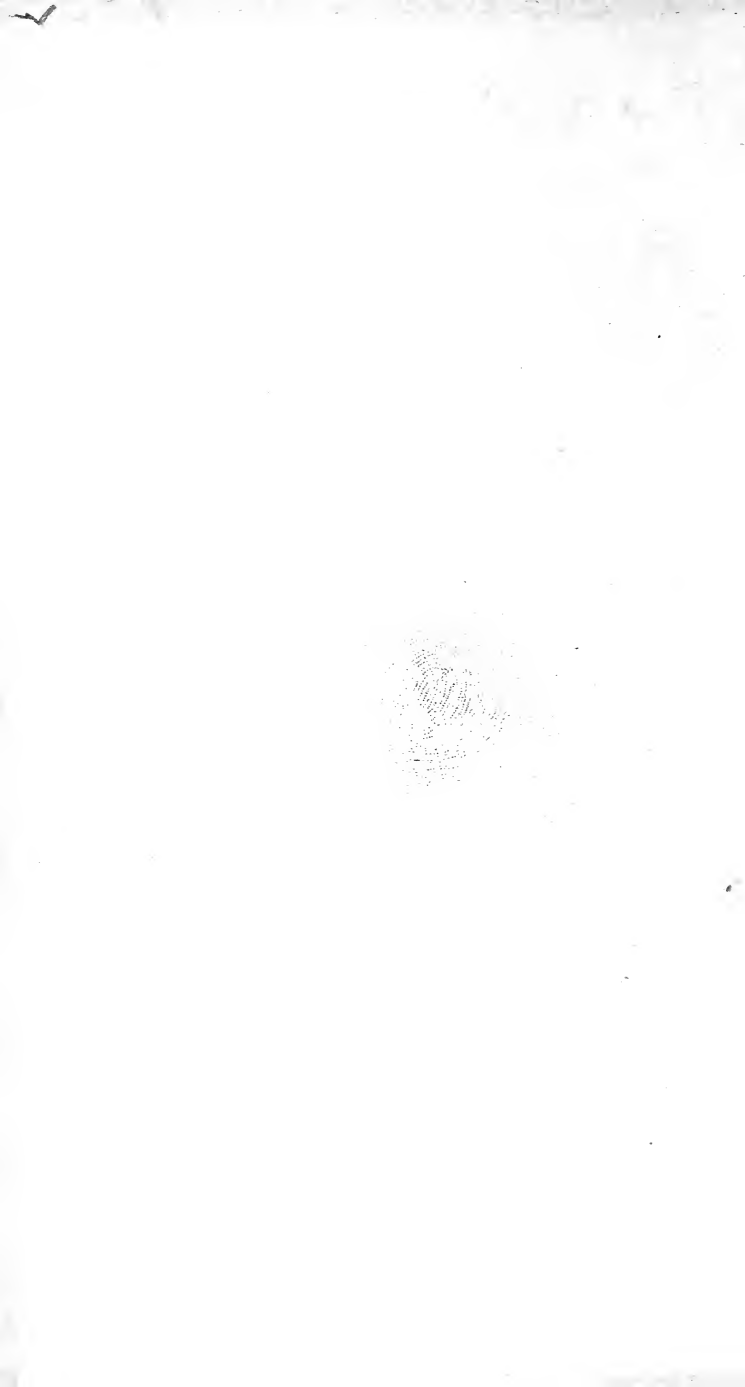
“ This was that same Tomocomo who came with the Princess, and wished to count the people, but could not ; and who told me very sadly : ‘ You gave my King, Powhatan, a white dog, that he fed as himself ; but your king hath given me nothing : yet I am better than your white dog.’ ”

“ The small time I stayed in London, divers courtiers and others of my acquaintance desired to go with me to see the Lady Rebecca, and thought they had seen many English ladies much worse featured, favoured and proportioned, as also worse behaved by far than this young Princess. And I have since heard that it pleased both the King and Queen to esteem her as a lady of high and royal birth, and that, accompanied by Lord and Lady De La War and many others of fashion and place, she did publicly appear at the masques and elsewhere, to her great satisfaction and content, which doubtless she would have still deserved, had she lived to return to Virginia, to carry refinement among her own people.”—*Smith's History of Virginia*, book ii. page 33.

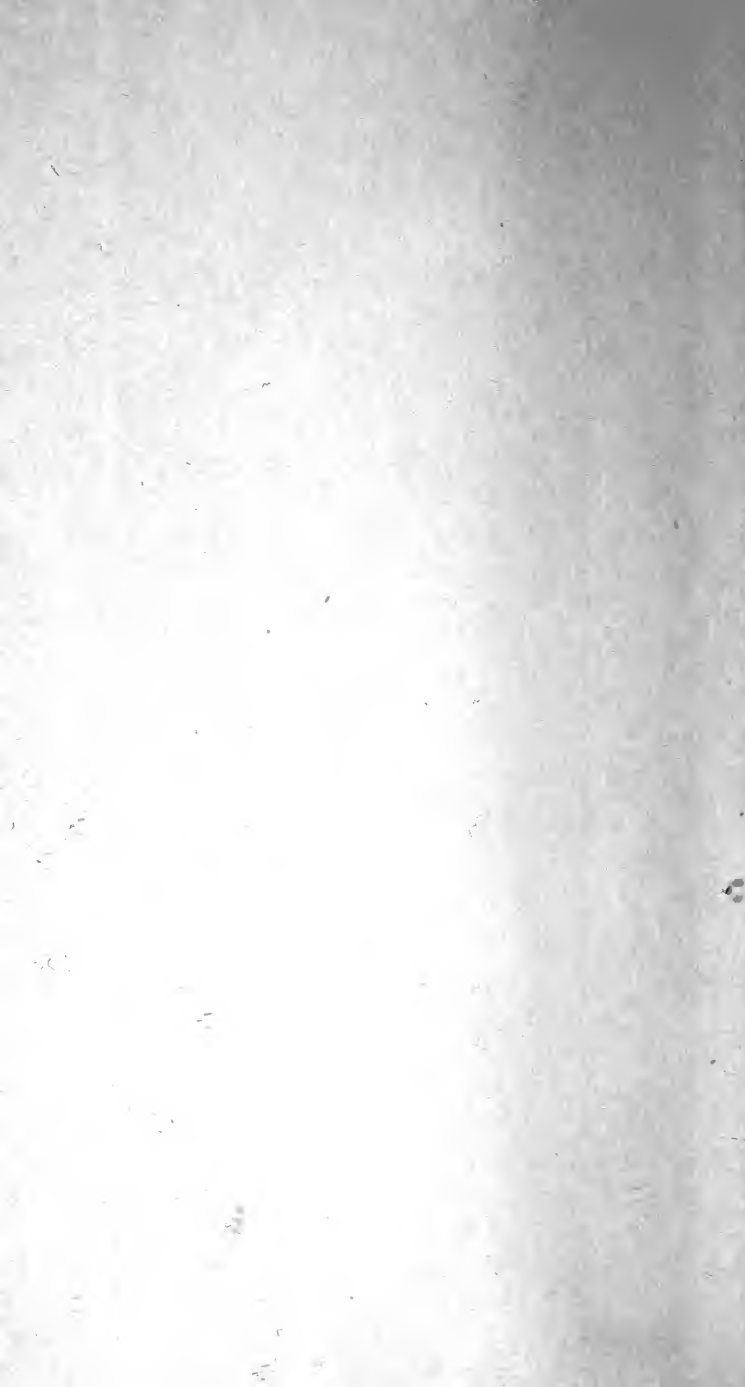














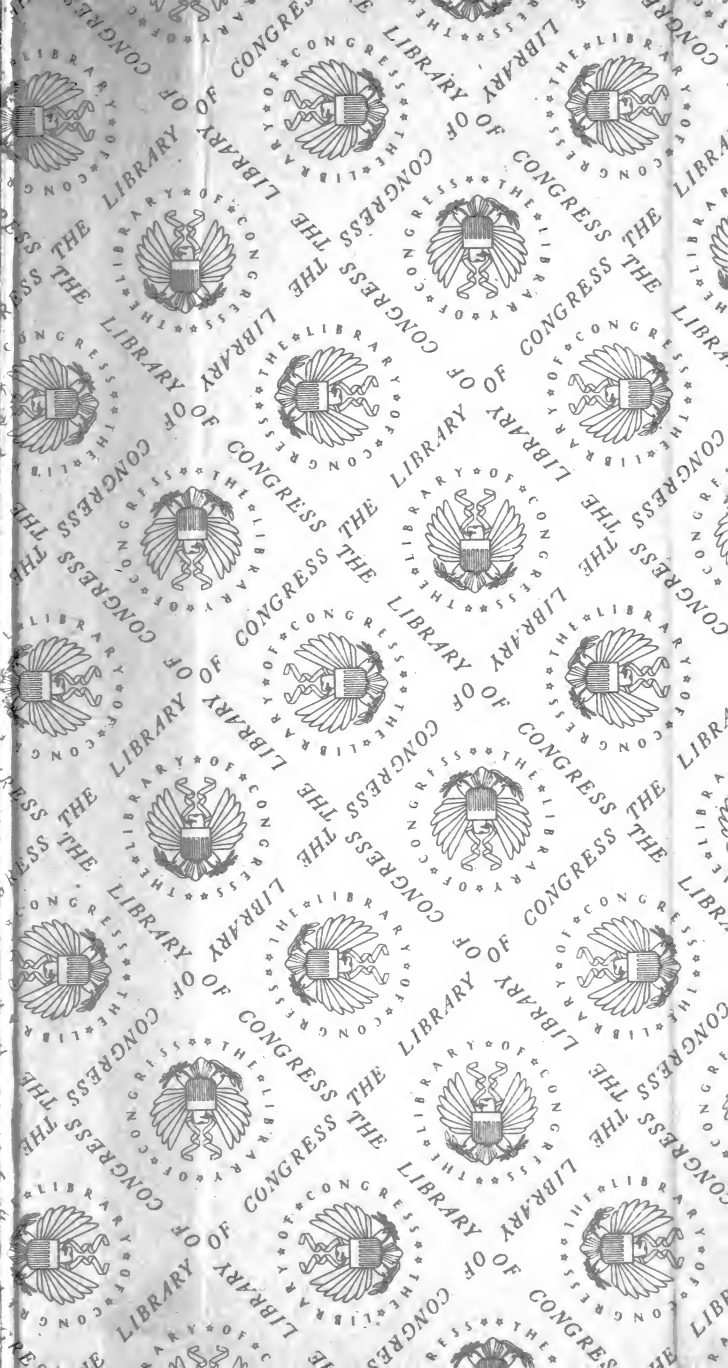


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